

MAURICE POWELL:

AN

Historical Welsh Tale.

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Historical Welsh Tale

OF

ENGLAND'S TROUBLES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MAURICE POWELL.

CHAPTER I.

“ INDEED hur would not have followed your honour, but the Captain says, indeed he will sail to night anyhow.” This sentence was spoken as rapidly as the exhausted, blowing condition of the speaker would allow. He appeared to be about forty years of age, short, square built, and a little inclined to corpulency: a smile, and the glistening of his small blue eye, indicated the certainty he felt that his message would be welcome: and no sooner had he uttered it, than, retiring a few steps, to such a distance as to be able to hold a conversation, yet not appear presuming, he threw

himself on the ground. “Thank you, Morgan,” said his master, Colonel Maurice Powell; “but, how could you think of seeking me on the top of this mountain?” “Hur knows Kilvay-hill, and every path that leads to the top: hur was at the ferry side when your honour crossed; and, indeed hur was just tasting hur naamsakes cwrw when the Captain told hur he’d sail at midnight.”

“The wind blows yet from the south-east, harder than either of the two days we have waited; and I have looked in vain for their prognostics of a change,” replied the Colonel.

“But Davy Jenkins, the captain, has been to the cunning man at Pentre-gethen, and told him the hurry your honour was in, and he promised him a wind to-night.”

“Well, Morgan, go down to the town.

and prepare every thing for our departure."

Morgan, however, but half arose; leaning on the ground with one arm, he seemed engaged in examining a tuft of moss, which he had torn up by the roots, as an excuse for delay; after a minute inspection, he relieved himself by replying that he had already packed up all the baggage and necessaries for the voyage.

"Return, notwithstanding," said the Colonel; "you may have forgot something: if not, refresh yourself and enjoy your *cwrrw*, for we are likely to have a rough night." Morgan smiled as the Colonel uttered the last words: it was with a sort of **self-complacent sneer**, which no sooner was formed than it subsided into a melancholy expression of features: he rose from the ground; and respectfully approaching the Colonel,

who was seated on a rough mass of stone, requested that he might be allowed to remain an hour on the hill.

“Morgan,” said the Colonel, “I perceive your intention, and respect its motive; but, as the time is now so short before I shall again be actively engaged, I must insist on remaining alone —you are at liberty to pursue the bias of your own inclinations.” Saying these words in a decided tone, he waved his hand for Morgan to leave him, and the poor fellow slowly departed.

The spot on which Colonel Powell was seated is called Kilvay-hill: its round broad top commands a fine view of Swansea bay in South Wales.—On the right lies the town so called, at the mouth of a little river, whose dimensions, in the distance, entering the broad expanse of the bay, appear insignificantly small. Stretching, in a semicircle to the south-

west, the rough, barren shores of Gower terminate in a point called the Mumble Head, where a lighthouse is erected on an island which has been separated, by the turbulent roar of waters, from the main land. Half-way between this point and the town stand the frowning dark remains of Oystermouth Castle.

On the opposite side of the bay, the shores of Glamorgan present a varied boundary to the sea—barren sands, forests of timber to the water's edge, romantic openings into the interior—mountains, rearing their bare and sterile points abruptly from the waves, extend in succession farther than the eye can reach, surmounted, in the back ground, by hills of deep and then of lighter blue, till lost in the expanse of ether. Such was the situation in which Colonel Powell was on the 22d of August, 1643. He had entered, with his father, into the service of

his king, Charles I, in the preceding year, when hostilities were first commenced between him and the parliament.

A fortnight had scarcely elapsed since he arrived in the bay with the mortal remains of that parent who fell at the taking of Bristol, and died in the arms of his child, requesting that his bones might be deposited in the cemetery of their forefathers.—Prince Rupert granted leave of absence to the son, bestowed upon him the rank held by his parent, and furnished him with a vessel to Swansea, in his way toward Pembrokeshire, where he paid the last duties to a father, by whose persuasion and influence he had, but a few months before, been induced to become an active member in civil warfare.

The grandeur and simplicity of his native mountain; the calm and heavenly repose in which all animate and inanimate creation were apparently hushed; while

his country, and the minds of her sons, were the prey and victims of contending party, produced feelings very different from those with which, but about three weeks before, he had marched, with a party of aspiring young cavaliers like himself, to the storming of Bristol.

His family seat of Penleon (so called from its being erected on the highest point of a hill representing somewhat the appearance of a lion couchant) stood in silent neglect. His father's most intimate friend had forsaken his abode within a short mile of Penleon, and was gone with his family towards England, the country people said. How dear to Colonel Powell *one* in that family was he knew not before, nor would he now acknowledge it even to himself. His faithful Morgan alone, who descended to him as part of the family estate, marked the progress of his melancholy, and strove,

by many a stratagem, to divert his mind from resting on unpleasant objects. Such officious kindness became at this time tiresome to his master ; and, during the two days he had been waiting for a vessel to Bristol, he had sequestered himself much on Kilvay-hill ; the sea rolling beneath his view—an apt emblem of the perturbed spirit of the times, and the scenes he had so lately witnessed. About an hour after Morgan had left him, while the sun was gradually and nearly approaching its setting, a gun fired in the harbour aroused him from a reverie into which he had fallen : and, looking down, he perceived the vessel he had engaged was preparing to sail. He instantly descended, and found Morgan at the place of embarkation, surrounded by a crowd of people. This honest and warm-hearted Cambrian had passed much of his time since he arrived in Swansea at the public-

house by the ferry side, in front of which he was standing to take leave of his acquaintance, when an ill-timed reflection upon the conduct of his Majesty, by a pot-house orator, produced a war of words which reached the ears of the Captain of the *Fanny*, who was smoking his pipe quietly in the parlour. Nothing was so terrific to him as a political dispute; he had been several times detained and forced into the service of both king and parliament, to carry stores, men, and ammunition; and but in one single instance had he received any sort of compensation. Jumping at a bound from his chair to the window, he made the well-known signal to his little vessel, which lay about a cable's length from the ferry: the gun was fired; the little boat despatched to the shore, loaded with provisions, rowed back, unloaded, and again brought to the ferry with a rapidity of

movement which attracted even the political quidnuncs from their circle. Captain Davy Jenkins then made his appearance, followed by the maid servant of the house loaded with bundles : her slender, active figure, without shoes, stockings, or head dress of any description, and smiling, contented countenance, presenting a striking contrast to the short, round, oily man whom she assisted to convey a burden, which was trifling indeed to his own living load of animated clay.

His face bore ample witness that fear possessed his mind ; yet he looked not pale; for the sun and the storm, to which perchance we may add the bottle, had so indelibly imprinted and empurpled his full round visage, and impending chin, that they defied all change.

An old dark-brown short doublet, black waistcoat, breeches which had once been green, and coarse yarn stockings

reaching above the knee, completed the equipment of his person, though in his hand he carried something apparently to cover the head, but belonging neither to the class of cap or hat : by day, however, it supplied the place of the one, and of the other by night. He was leaving the shore on the Colonel's approach, but, seeing him, detained the boat.

“Morgan,” said the Colonel, “did you not tell me that midnight was the hour for sailing?”

“Morgan was right, your honour,” cried Jenkins ; “but I have altered my mind : so please just to step into the boat, and we will be on board immediately.”

The Colonel walked leisurely to the shore, and took his seat beside the Captain, who ordered his men to row for the Fanny, and in a low tone of voice addressed the Colonel, “Indeed to goodness I was glad to see you coming : these are

awful times, Colonel!—Forty years have I been at sea, and always knew an enemy's ship as soon as any man: but now I am like a stranger even in the Bristol Channel. There is not a port or bay that one can lay to in, and be certain that all is well till morning."

The Colonel sighed; and at length they reached the *Fanny*, which was a cutter-rigged vessel of about 40 tons—The Captain mounted first, and, welcoming the Colonel on board, conducted him to the cabin, which, he observed, was the only spot in the world where he could now call himself safe.

"What has alarmed you?" asked Colonel Powell; "it does not appear to me that we are in any immediate danger." "If your honour had been kidnapped, like me," replied the Captain, "and compelled to serve, like me, against your inclination, and been robbed, and threatened, and ter-

rised like a badger when the dogs are worrying him, as I have, you would not wonder that, when all the hopes of bread for my family and myself lay in this little siver, I was anxious to get away to sea when I heard them talk politics—the words they spoke I have heard before, and they bode me no good."

Morgan entered, to arrange his master's luggage, and the Captain, taking a bottle from the locker, drank, as the sailors term it, by word of mouth, that is, from the mouth of the bottle without a glass, to the health of his Majesty King Charles.

Morgan, who was kneeling on the cabin floor unpacking a trunk, looked up, and drily asked the Captain if he had been at Bridgewater lately? Jenkins made no reply; but, replacing the bottle, shuffled up the ladder, and his voice was soon audible on deck, giving directions to

the sailors. The tide was just on the turn of ebb; and, meeting the wind, the *Fanny* scarcely moved.

Morgan was somewhat disappointed that his master had not inquired why he addressed Jenkins in such a manner; and, after waiting a few minutes, informed him that they were on board a vessel whose commander had belonged to all parties, and would drink to the health of Fairfax, or the Earl of Essex, and wish success to their undertakings in any company where he fancied such conduct would be welcome.

“ We should be charitable,” replied Colonel Powell; “ and much allowance should be made for a man of weak nerves, who may be frightened into the commission of inconsistencies at this time, when men are found base enough to insinuate themselves into company, that they may denounce their victims to the

opposing party. 'Tis a sad thought; but you, **Morgan**, must be on your guard in conversation. I was several times alarmed at the vehemence of your language, on our journey from Penleon."

Morgan smiled at the idea of his *young* master, as he always called him, cautioning him how to conduct himself; and briefly replied, that he should always look well to a man before he made a confidant.

Silently the little vessel floated down the narrow river to the sea, when the change of motion induced the Colonel to go on deck, which was strewed with merchandize of all descriptions. The crew consisted of **Jenkins**, three seamen, and a boy.

"What boat is that under 'Tay Back?'" cried the Captain, as he stood at the helm, holding the rope with which he steered and supported himself, as the **Fanny**

reeled and loomed upon the waves. All eyes were upon the little speck, now seen, now hid, as either vessel rose or sunk ; at length one of the sailors exclaimed, “ It’s the boat belonging to the French ship that came for coals ; she makes directly down upon us.”

The Captain’s grey eyes glistened at the hope of an increasing freight ; and bearing towards the Glamorgan coast, he soon brought the boat under the Fanny’s bow.

“ Here you Gatto ! Ambrose ! come you abaft,” he cried ; “ Stand you by to haul in the main sheet ;” “ How now ; yo ho ; there she comes ; mind your head, Sir.” “ Hallo ! there, stand by with the rope—here she comes alongside.” The boat approached ; and two individuals, wrapped in a sort of rough watch coats, appeared in the stern : one of them rose, as if in haste to come on board the

Fanny. “*Soyez tranquille!*” cried one of the rowers, and his companion pulled him back.—A rope was thrown, and with some difficulty the two strangers safely placed on the deck.—One bore his portmanteau with him: the other called over the side for something he had left in the boat; and a bundle was thrown to him; into which he instantly thrust his hand; “*Oh! it is gone!*” he cried in a tone of despair; “*my companion! my guide! Oh!*”

“*What does he want?*” asked one of the rowers, in French: the person who had accompanied him, in a foreign accent, and broken English, inquired, “*Vat have monsieur mislost?*” “*Lost!*” cried the other; “*they have stole my Bible.*” “*Not sdoile,*” said the foreigner, “*not, no; it is von big lie;*” and addressing the men in the boat, told them the accusation in French; at which one of the party endeavoured to

come on board in great rage: but another, who had the command, stopped him, and calling out “*Au large*,” the rope was cast adrift, and the boat was in an instant far astern; not, however, before much volubility of tongue was displayed by the Frenchmen, who saluted their accuser as a *coquin*, *bête*, and divers worse epithets, all which, however, were but ill bestowed on one who understood them not.

The two strangers now threw off their watch-cloaks, and presented a singular contrast. The man who had lost his Bible was dressed in black hose and breeches worn at the knees, so that the threads might be seen; and a dark-coloured loose garb with arms, somewhat like a shirt, but made of the coarsest canvas, reached just below his waist. His face was meagre and wan, and indicated an habitual self-denial and mor-

tification—small dark eyes sunk into the head, hollow cheeks, high cheek-bones, a nose so small as to appear rather the remains than the whole of that feature; and a mouth and projecting chin of such dimensions as to seem formed in ridicule of the member above, were sufficient to prejudice most persons against their possessor: but, over and above these unattractive marks, there was a certain stamp of rude and ignorant impudence in the expression of his countenance, and every movement of his person, which was of the middle size, and, though meagre, evidently sinewy and strong. His hair was cut short all round the head, which bore a pointed high-crowned hat.—Falling on his knees, he made a long thanksgiving for his deliverance “from among the Philistines, and from the hands of the followers of the Pope, the scarlet whore of Babylon, who sitteth

and ruleth, and hath domination and might on the seven hills." He proceeded to pray for "the destruction of Anti-Christ, the downfall of the establishments of man's device, by which the blind led the blind," and of various other abominations, when Morgan crept behind him, and whispered in his ear, "The King has taken Bristow."

The horror and astonishment which this intelligence produced on the fanatic, who had been praying with much self-satisfaction, and as though he was anxious to be both seen and heard of men, is not to be described. His senses appeared paralyzed; and we will avail ourselves of their suspension to describe his fellow-traveller, who was about twenty-five years of age, compact, well made, and rather short, with a smiling open countenance, every feature of which breathed good-humoured vivacity. A powdered

head and queue, and an embroidered, but party-coloured, coat and waistcoat, declared him in the service of some person of rank ; and, drawn by sympathy towards Morgan, he, without any other introduction than a smirk, and, to the rough Welshman's fancy, an affected bow, seated himself on one of the numerous butter firkins that were ranged on the deck, and announced himself as a valet who had arrived but a few days from France, and was proceeding to Bristol in search of his master, who had been some time in England. Scarcely had he finished, when the comic expression of Morgan's countenance attracted his attention ; and when he perceived the effects produced by a whisper on the kneeling fanatic, he appeared quite in an ecstacy of delight.

Morgan, whom the devotee had not seen, crept back, on his hands and knees,

to some distance, before he arose ; and then returning, seated himself beside the valet, whose name was La Rose, the eyes of both fixed on the kneeling statue, who, after the lapse of a few minutes, underwent a singular alteration. His features, recovering gradually from the rigid expression of horror into which they had been frozen, subsided into an ideotic grin ; and without looking behind, but making motions as though he would repulse some one at his back, he screamed, “ Avaunt ! I know thee, thou evil one—though my Bible, which thou daredst not to approach, be in other hands ; yea, in the hands of the sons of Belial, for some wise end, no doubt—yet, with the armour of faith, and the sword of prayer, do I defy thee.—Avaunt—avaunt—to the uttermost part of the earth.”

Having uttered these words, to the

great amusement of his hearers, he finished his prayer and thanksgiving in a formal and systematic manner, arose from his knees, and walking, or more properly crawling, along the side of the vessel, clinging at every object near for support, he seated himself close to the Captain, who immediately began whistling, and looking on the opposite side, shifting his ground as much as the nature of his occupation would allow, and betraying various symptoms of uneasiness.

CHAPTER II.

THE moon glowed brighter every instant in the heavens, as the last lingering twilight withdrew: the south-eastern breeze and roaring of the waves had abated, but the fair wind promised by the cunning man of Pentregethen came not: and, at length, the Fanny was incapable of making any progress in her destined course: gently she floated on the swell of the billow, her sails hanging heavy and dead, agitated only by the swinging of her mast to and fro in the air, as she heavily reeled upon one or the other side alternately. Colonel Powell was reclined on the stern of the vessel, wrapt in a black upper cloak (which he wore from respect to his father), completely absorbed in his own meditations:

the fanatic was seated on the opposite quarter; the Captain at the helm; and Morgan and La Rose on the Colonel's side of the deck, on a bale of goods near the shrouds, were engaged in earnest conversation, and cordially smoking their pipes over a cup of grog, made from some "veritable eau de vie de cognac," which La Rose had preserved carefully, to entertain the first "brave homme" he met with in England.

"Captain, as thou art called," said the fanatic, "why dost thou allow tippling, and the beastly custom of smoking, to be practised in this thy ship?"

"Phoo!" said the Captain, "what does it signify to me? I like peace and quietness, and let every man do as he pleases."

"Peace and quietness!" cried the other; "the wicked say peace when there is no peace: yea, when the en-

mies are at the gate. As Nathan said unto David, so say I unto thee—Thou art the man—thou must give an account of thy stewardship. He that is not with us is against us."

"A close tongue makes a wise head," observed the Captain. "You'd better save your breath to cool your porridge, for you'll find it hot enough when you reach Bristow."

"What meanest thou?" asked the fanatic. "Fiennes is a servant of the Lord, and a true defender of the faith against the tyrant who held that title, but is a Papist, and not one of the Lord's anointed: therefore shall his lot be as that of Abiram."

"Silence! reptile!" exclaimed the Colonel, without rising from his recumbent posture, but in an authoritative tone; "I well know what you are, and the despicable class to which you belong,

and hold you in utter contempt ; yet will I not suffer such language to be uttered in my presence. Desist, or make up your mind to be thrown overboard."

This laconic address operated very powerfully on the fanatic, who was returning to Bristol, which he had left when in the hands of the Parliament's troops, commanded by Colonel Fiennes, a few weeks before ; and had been praying, preaching, and exhorting the ignorant inhabitants of the interior of Glamorgan to arise and cast down the ungodly, with so much zeal ever since, that he had not been into any town where he might possibly have heard that the place of his present destination had fallen into the hands of the King.

The first hint he received on the subject, as we have already seen, he readily ascribed to "the evil one," "the enemy," who, as he affirmed, had often buffeted

him: but the Colonel's tone had something so cool and determined in it, that he immediately altered his opinion of the warning voice, and ascribed it now to an angel, who had been commissioned to tell him that he was, "like Daniel, in the lion's den;" and, inspired to the acme of enthusiasm by such a clear evidence of being a chosen vessel, he fell upon his knees, declaring that he was willing to drink of the cup prepared for him, and congratulating himself that he was employed in the Lord's work when he first saw the ship come from Swansea river, having been then engaged in representing to a party of colliers the nature of that one sin which was alone unpardonable, namely, the withholding the Holy Spirit; by which, and that alone, he positively asserted himself to be guided.

"Captain," said Colonel Powell, "will you order one of your crew to remove

this nuisance, or shall I commission my servant?"

"Indeed," answered Jenkins, after whistling for half a minute, to gain time, "indeed—it was difficult, you see—look you, Squire Powell—perhaps I am not justified in meddling with such matters; and, if it came to be known—"

"To Sir Hardress Waller, or Colonel Massey, you would not be paid for your last voyage to Bristow," cried Morgan, rising from his seat, and approaching the fanatic, without taking the pipe from his mouth. "Come, thou sower of sedition—hur will smoke you—taak yourself along to the other end of the ship—naam o'God, who was to be plagued, and confused, and bedeviled, with your prayings, and blasphemies, and visions, look you." Saying these words, he stooped, and, blowing his pipe furiously, soon enveloped his yet kneeling adversary's head

in a cloud of smoke, from which, half choked, and coughing, so as to prevent utterance to the anathemas in embryo, it quickly rose. No further argument was necessary ; and Morgan remained master of the field ; his new ally, La Rose, blowing a farewell blast on the foe as he decamped towards the fore-
castle, where we leave him for the present.

La Rose and Morgan resumed their places and conversation ; and the Colonel, freed from interruption, fell into a reverie upon the state of the nation, and the probable issue of the sanguinary and unnatural war in which his countrymen were engaged with each other. There appeared no prospect of a speedy termination to the conflict, as the spirit of party, which had at first infected but a small proportion of society, was now universal throughout the kingdom.

That the Royalists would eventually be successful, he felt not the smallest doubt; for he could not bend his mind to imagine that such despicable characters as composed the adverse party could ever gain an ascendancy over the great and various advantages arising from influence, riches, military habits, education, and high notions of honour; the weight of all which was thrown into the Royal scale.

This feeling of contempt for the Parliamentarians was very general among the officers of King Charles's army, and arose from the ignorance in which the classes of noblemen, knights, and gentlemen of landed property, from which they were drawn, were in, relative to the real opinions of the people, and the quantity of physical force which the adverse party could command.

It did not fail to produce instances of

the most heroic and devoted courage ; and Colonel Powell had seen Lord Gran-dison fall at Bristol, surrounded by the enemy, to whom he scorned to yield, though much hurt, and after having two horses killed and four wounded under him. On the same day he had seen his two intimate friends, Sir Nicholas Slan-ning and Colonel John Trevannion, fall at the same instant, in defence of their King. These gentlemen were the only officers with whom he closely associated : they were both nearly his own age, eight-and-twenty ; and he felt their loss keenly, particularly when superadded to that of his beloved father.

This feeling of mixed hatred and contempt with which his officers looked upon their adversaries, considering them as the dregs of society, produced much in the King's favour ; for, in almost every skirmish which had hitherto taken place,

the *Parliamentarians* had been defeated; but at the same time it operated strongly in widening the breach; for where contempt is evinced, no attempt at reconciliation can be made with any prospect of success; and numbers who would probably have joined the royal standard, if persuasive conciliatory conduct had been pursued on the first symptoms of dissatisfaction, were inveigled into the ranks of the adverse party by every artifice which could be devised by leaders who had deeply studied human nature, and whose practical knowledge of the temper, wishes, wants, expectations, and caprices, of the lower orders, was matured by repeated experiments in various parts of the kingdom, but more particularly in London, which furnished them with numbers far exceeding their most sanguine hopes. They, however, found that

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their troops, thus raised from a class which was much depressed, and most of which enlisted with the hope only of plunder, or for subsistence, required some incentive to make them stand against the impetuous attacks of the cavaliers.

They had no property to defend, no fair fame to lose, and were, as Oliver Cromwell afterwards described them, “most of them old decayed serving men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows.” * No project appeared so well calculated to inspire such men with a contempt for personal danger, as that of kindling in their minds the fire of religious enthusiasm and bigotry, which blazes in the human breast with a fierceness proportionate to the dark ignorance within.

Various ceremonies had been revived,

* Peck's Memoirs of the Life and Actions of Oliver Cromwell, p. 52.

or introduced, by Archbishop Laud, into the churches, which savoured much, according to vulgar opinion, of popery.

The Queen was an avowed Papist, surrounded by her priests ; and it was insinuated that the King was not unfrequently an attendant at the rites of the Romish church. Sectarists had arisen in all parts of the kingdom ; and in proportion to the persecution which they received had they been reinforced by proselytes who conceived them to be injured. These men were warmly invited to join a power which was raised by Providence for their defence, and which both could and would protect them, to the utter dismay and destruction of Anti-Christ, as they termed the Romish religion.

But it is not our intention to attempt delineating the various feelings or motives of opposing parties at this critical period of our history. Imagination can scarcely

paint any scene too wild, or belief too extravagant, for those who began their course with crime, and flew, as to a refuge from the horrors of their situation, to the creed of predestination, which blotted out all their former misdeeds, and represented a continuation in their efforts to destroy, and utterly to exterminate, root and branch, every relic of popery, as the most glorious and important work which human nature could perform in this world for the benefit of posterity, and the certain means of obtaining future happiness.

The enthusiasm of such fanatics ; the laughing, noisy, boisterous, and rude confidence of the multitude in their strength ; the malignant blood-thirstiness of those who conceived themselves to have received personal injuries and insults ; the cool, intrepid, determined conduct of leaders, who, certain of an ignominious

death if defeated, displayed talents with which even their own adherents were astonished ; are subjects on which the mind may dwell until surprise at the event of such an insurrection shall cease.

An indistinct dread of increase in the enemy's power intruded itself upon Colonel Powell's meditations : he could not but confess to himself, what he would not acknowledge even among his comrades, that some measures adopted by the government, previous to the commencement of open warfare, savoured much of tyranny, and contempt of popular feeling ; but he was a cavalier, and consequently unable to enter into the source and spring of discontent among the middle and lower ranks of society ; for, like all that class to which he belonged, at the first appearance of revolution, he had joined himself, heart and hand, to the court party, and supported

all their measures, opposing, of course, all of contrary opinions, until cool judgment was completely stifled, and the sword, the "*ratio ultima regum*," was opposed to the "*vox populi*."

Wearied, at length, the Colonel retired to the cabin, whither he was soon followed by Morgan and La Rose. The Fanny just moved with the tide; and the calm bosom of the ocean accorded with the clear blue sky, in the midst of which the moon shone resplendent. Captain Davy Jenkins called one of his men to take the helm, and walking towards the forecastle, expressed his intention to "turn in."

"Canst thou not watch with me one hour?" said the fanatic, who was seated on the deck, leaning against the captain.

"What for?" asked Jenkins. "Watch an hour! you had better turn in your-

self, mun—you shall see the deck presently—he will be all over dew."

"The Lord caused the dew to fall all around, but it came not upon the fleece,"* said the other. "Hear me, Davy Jenkins! I know thee; thou art a castaway—thou hast a prophet in thy vessel."—" 'Tis a Jonah, then; and I wish the Fanny was so much lighter as if he was in the whale's belly," laughingly replied Jenkins. "We were all quiet and peaceable enough till you came aboard, praying and preaching, and seeing devils and angels, and be hanged to you." "Blaspheme not," rejoined the fanatic; "if I were as the sons of Belial, who return evil for evil, verily I should hold my peace; but now give I unto thee a sign—Go not to Bristol; thou and thy vessel are known, and thou wilt be thrown into prison, from whence thou shalt not be

* Vide Judges, vi. 40.

cast out until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." "What!" cried Jenkins, "when I shall bring back a colonel in their army—and when they did let Rees ap Jones, of the Mumbles ship, come away safe? tut, mun." "How!" exclaimed the fanatic, "is that young reviler among the captains of the Philistines? Hear me, Jenkins, thou art called upon for a great work. Deliver him bound into the hands of the rulers of my people, saith the Lord, so shalt thou find favour in their eyes—thou and thy family—and thou shalt prosper—and thy reward shall be great." "I understand you well enough," replied Jenkins, descending half way down the companion ladder, so as to bring his head on a level with that of the last speaker, and with folded arms leaning upon the deck, in a musing attitude, for about a minute, in silence; in a low voice he then

continued; “Phoo—it’s a thing that was not possible, even indeed if—to be sure if—but, indeed there was some packs and bales to go to the merchants at Bristow, who have always used to freight the Fanny, and so indeed to goodness I shall not talk any longer;” and elevating his head, appeared to be retiring.—“Remember,” whispered the fanatic in his ear, “that when Alderman Yeomans, and Master Bouchier, were hung in Bristol, by that chosen instrument Colonel Fiennes, how the devilish cavaliers raged, and swore in their wrath that their deaths should be revenged—The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel; then, what canst thou expect, who art known to have conveyed the implements of war for their destruction?”

This address put the Captain into a tremor which was observed with ma-

lignant delight by the fanatic, who, stretching his long lean arm over the capstan, and drawing himself half across, continued; “ Thinkest thou that if thou wert doing the Lord’s work he would forsake thee thus?—Awake to a sense of thy duty, and in three days thou shalt receive thy reward at Gloucester.”

“ But the merchandize my freight,” replied Jenkins; “ *no*, indeed, let them hang me—but—but, it shall never be said that Davy Jenkins, captain and owner of the Bristow and Swansea trader, ran away with his freight, and stole goods trusted to his care by the merchants who took him by the hand when he was poor—so, look you, Bristow is the port, live or die.”

“ What kind of goods and mamon art thou entrusted with?” inquired the other.—“ It is mostly the works of my

countrywomen — flannels, and coarse cloths, and hose ; and there is some butter, you see."

" And thou wouldest bear these to the enemies of the people ! Thy spirit faileth thee, O man ! and thou thinkest as a child, even in the affairs of this world. Knowest thou not that the chosen of the Lord, whom he hath appointed to do this great work which is now in hand, have need of the things thou namest ? and wottest thou not that he hath given into their hands the silver and the gold, the vessels of gold and the vessels of silver ?"

" What is all that to me ?" replied Jenkins ; " the goods and merchandize are not mine to sell, look you : and, besides, how could I ever show my face in Swansea again ? and would not the Fanny be no better than a pirate ?"

" Thou art in utter darkness," said the fanatic ; " seeing thou art entrusted by

the children of mammon with treasure, tell me how thou canst render unto them an account of thy stewardship, if thou heedest not my admonition ; but, wilfully and wickedly, when the Lord hath need of thee, thou deniest him, and deliverest thyself into the hands of the Philistines ? When thy lot shall be as the lot of Haman, and the ungodly shall divide the spoil ?”

There was something cadaverous and appalling in the countenance of the speaker, on whose features the moonbeams shone, and the hollow low tone of his voice, that, added to the stillness of night, operated powerfully on poor Jenkins’s fears and imagination. With a heart almost bursting, he turned from the fanatic, “ Naam o’ God—is there no peace in all the world ? From England I was driven into Wales, and terrified from Swansea,—but Davy Jenkins did always

lie hur head down in peace till now,
look you, on board the Fanny."

The fanatic had watched the progress of his address on the Captain's mind; and, as he would have sufficient time to renew the attack, judged it expedient to let the terrors he had excited operate silently during the night; therefore, throwing himself back into his former position behind the capstan, he drew his watch-cloak over him; and in a deep hollow nasal tone, exclaimed, " Seek ye the Lord. Consult with thine own head upon thy pillow, and be still." Well satisfied with himself, with a contemptuous sneering grin he then reposed his limbs upon the deck; while the Captain descended, with a heavy heart, to his little cabin.

CHAPTER III.

DURING the night, light westerly breezes wasted the Fanny prosperously on her voyage along the Glamorganshire coast; and, in the early part of the morning, when the passengers left their beds, she was gliding past the verdant plains which lie between the Monmouthshire hills and the Bristol Channel. The dew yet lay heavy on the deck; and mists hung, reluctant to disperse, upon the shore, as the sun penetrated through their dense and gloomy mass. The high land of Pannarth lay behind them; and every prospect of a pleasing and speedy termination to the voyage saluted the Colonel when he ascended from the cabin. La Rose and Morgan followed; and soon after, the voice of Captain Jenkins

was heard, ordering sundry preparations for breakfast, which being arranged, he made his appearance; and an awkward, agitated salutation to the Colonel, who felt so little interest respecting him as not to notice his change of manner, which was remarked instantly by Morgan, and an inference drawn of no favourable nature towards his countryman by that trusty Cambrian.

Captain Davy Jenkins had passed an uneasy and sleepless night, revolving over in his mind the proposition of the fanatic.

The value of a good name was well known to him; his character for honesty and trustworthiness was unimpeached; and he had always hitherto been exact, even to a farthing, in his account of all moneys delivered into his charge for the purchase of various commodities in Bristol for his countrymen. What profit he derived was in the way of commission

from the venders, which was unknown to his employers, who considered Jenkins as a generous, kind, open-hearted, honest fellow ; and the warmth of their gratitude exhibited itself in various ways for his benefit, until the Fanny became a favourite vessel, and found goods waiting for her next trip, in part of freight, on her arrival either at Bristol or Swansea. The consequence was that Davy, after having been buffeted about all the younger and prime part of his life, now found himself getting forward in the world. “ A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” thought he, on representing to himself how much he might get by betraying the Colonel : and he would have decided on proceeding to Bristol ; but—alas ! we have all our peculiar weaknesses ; and the Captain’s were, unluckily, of such a nature as to be strongly affected by his peculiar

situation. From a child he had been subject to fits of cold and aguish trembling at the thought or approach of danger, which even constant occupation and experience in the manly profession in which all his life had been spent, were insufficient to cure. His other failing was of a nature seldom removed, but usually increased, by time; avarice was a lurking principle within, and has often blinded eyes that could or ought to distinguish clearer than poor Davy Jenkins's. The fanatic had spoken correctly, in affirming that the royalists had threatened to retaliate and have blood for blood, if the two gentlemen before mentioned were executed for the alleged crime of plotting to deliver the city of Bristol into the hands of the King; and, as no person had been yet selected for a victim, and he had certainly been engaged in conveying stores and ammunition for the

parliamentary troops ; and, moreover, as the fact and his vessel were well known in Bristol, it appeared but too probable, to his agitated mind, that he might be devoted as an offering to the manes of the hitherto unrevenged martyrs for the royal cause.

But, how to avoid going to Bristol, and how to secure the Colonel, he could not decide. The time for steering towards the Avon (the name of the river upon which Bristol is situated) approached rapidly ; he had not yet sounded the opinion of his sailors ; and the thought of resistance from the Colonel, joined by the sturdy Morgan, made him tremble. He stood at the helm for about half an hour, during which time the scrutinizing eyes of Morgan were steadily fixed upon him, and observed every change in his countenance, and uneasy, shifting motion of his limbs. A call to breakfast roused

the unhappy man from his reverie; and Morgan went below to prepare the same meal for his master, whom he quickly summoned to partake of it. "Bring it on deck, Morgan," said the Colonel, "the air is wholesome here." "It is all set out, you see, your honour," replied Morgan; "that Frenchman who did come on board yesterday helped me to do it, ko mee fo, as he calls it." "Well, Morgan, I don't doubt but that it is properly done; but, I dislike the foul air of a cabin, and shall have another opportunity of seeing your new acquaintance display his taste."

Poor Morgan, whose aim was to get his master below, that he might communicate his suspicions, without hazarding the being overheard by the seamen, went down with a heavy heart.—La Rose met him at the door, and, rubbing his hands,

was dancing gaily backward to make room, when he observed the change in Morgan's countenance. "Ma foi—Am you not well?" asked he; "indeed, hur was very well, for the matter of that: but, it was enough to make hur swear; after all the watchings and the cogitations, look you, he will not come down stairs."

"Not a come! vat! he shall not see de table as if le Marquis vas here, he's one self?" "No—hur must tak something on deck:—but, hur wants to speak to him down here very—very much—now," uttered Morgan, through his teeth, as he took a plate from the table, "and hur don't want any of those sailor, turn-coat fellows to hear, look you."

"Ha, ha, vat, is dat all? I shall bring him down so soon as you like."

"Indeed, hur would be very thankful, La Rose—you was a good fellow."

“Sacre quoi ! le valet d'un Marquis shall not make von person valk done stair ? ha, ha.”

Thus saying, La Rose ascended upon deck, and approaching the Colonel, with a low bow, the left hand spred open upon his breast, and the right moving backward and forward, as suited the impressions he meant to convey, addressed him as follows :

“Sare, your valet Monsieur Morgan is come down stair into de cabane for some breakfast to please you : and, Sare, if you like, he did cut his doigt-finger—tumb—vat you call him, ven he make de brem-butter.” The Colonel instantly arose and went to the cabin, followcd close by La Rose, who, before Morgan had time to speak, got between him and his master. “Ah ! mon Colonel,” he ex-claimed, joining his hands, “ce n'étoit qu'une ruse de guerre, pardon. Je suis

Gascon—moi. Morgan, my good ami, Monsieur Morgan, have not couper son tumb : but he vant to entretenir vid you."

Turning to Morgan, the Colonel briefly inquired the meaning of his friend's manœuvre.

" Hur did not give him leave to deceive your honour : but, indeed 'twas no times now for ceremonies—so do pray sit you down and tak something to eat, look you ; for, it may be, you shall see, we will have need of all our strength before we will sit down again in peace and quietness." The Colonel threw himself carelessly on a form which was placed by the side of his breakfast table, and helping himself, turned towards Morgan, and calmly inquired what cause he had discovered for alarm.

" Look you, Colonel, hur was not alarmed—hur was your honour's servant: but, hur has not travelled all hur

life to be deceived by a traading captain, like a weather-cock—a turn-coat—a Judas, you see."

"Don't be warm, Morgan; you know I value your opinion and service, and have seen enough not to think lightly of your courage."

"'Tis not for man to boast of God's gifts," replied Morgan; "hur would follow your honour, and has done it, thank goodness, in danger, when you did lead. Hur knows hur plas—but, now 'tis hur duty to unkennel the fox.—Look you, Davy Jenkins is changed from King to Parliament since last night —hur dar not look your honour in the face this morning; and hur eyes were down—ah! as hur have seen in Italy in hur younger days, there was no honesty in such looks."

The last nine months had been spent by the Colonel in one continued series of

activity, bustle, and alarm ; and the experience which he had gained, during that period, of the duplicity of mankind, warned him to be ever on his guard against treachery. "There may be some truth in your observations, Morgan," said he ; " I shall therefore want my pistols ; and fit that sword, which my grandfather took from a Spanish captain, in the attack on the invincible armada, to the belt I usually wear. I had intended to alter my dress before our arrival at Bristol, to prevent me from being annoyed by impertinent questions ; and it may as well be done now." Morgan immediately set about his task of unpacking and arranging his master's toilet ; in doing which La Rose rendered no trifling assistance, polishing the chased work on the massy brazen hilt of the sword, which had become somewhat tarnished in the solitude of Penleon, in a

manner that delighted and astonished his companion.

In the meanwhile the party on deck were not idle. On the Colonel's descent into the cabin, the fanatic arose, and, walking with a stiff and formal air towards Jenkins, who was seated on the covered hatchway of the hold, breakfasting with two of his men, while the third remained at the helm, thus addressed them :—“ The blessing of God layeth on one part of the ship, and his curse upon the other. Thou, Ambrose, and thou, Griffith, are among the blessed; for in the night season, when deep sleep falleth upon men, we did take sweet counsel together; but for thee, Jenkins, thy heart faileth within thee.—Arise! let us be doing, for it is the Lord's work.” “ What!” cried Jenkins, “ have you been persuading my men to mutiny?” “ Be it unto thee even as thou wilt,” said the

other; “ but, harden not thy heart—the minds of thy crew are enlightened—they despise the dumb dogs that bark not—the blind guides—proud Baal’s priests—taskmasters of Egypt—devouring lions! who have swallowed up all the earthly goods of the people, and betrayed their souls into the jaws, yea, into the very mouth of the pit of hell; and now, because a light shineth from above, and they would flee from the wrath to come, they draw forth the sword, and with the edge thereof smite they the elect:—but, He who protected the prophet in the lion’s den, hath kindled a flame which shall consume them in his wrath.”

“ But,” said Jenkins, “ it is not every body’s place to be foremost in broils and tumults, look you.”

“ Remember,” exclaimed the fanatic; “ that which is written, ‘ Curse ye Meroz,

said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord; to the help of the Lord against the mighty.' If thou lettest this persecutor of the people escape, verily I say unto thee, all the blood which he may hereafter cause to be shed shall be laid to thy charge; and heavy will it bear upon thee when thou comest to the gallows at Bristol—when thou shalt not be acknowledged nor known of the people, seeing thou wilt have been a renegade from their cause."

"But the merchandize—the bales—the casks," cried the Captain; "what was to be done with them? How can I expect to be trusted again?"

"Thou shalt receive two-fold for that portion of goods which is needful for the poor and the oppressed," replied the fanatic; "and thou wilt be paid at Glou-

cester for thy prisoner, agreeable to his consideration in the army of the enemies of the people.” “ Oh! that I could wash my hands from it altogether,” fervently uttered the Captain, clasping his hands, and casting his brimful eyes up to heaven, then instantly fixing them again on the deck. “ How is he to be taken to Gloucester? How is he to be taken at all? tell me that.”

“ Hast thou not bolts and bars to thy cabin? Hast thou not the ropes of thine occupation?—bonds for the Philistine, even if he were like unto Goliah, whom David slew with a pebble of the brook? and,” continued the fanatic, “ thinkest thou that the Lord hath abandoned his people, because the tyrants of the land have obtained possession of one city?—Thy path shall be sure, and thy footsteps shall be guided by a chosen band from the forest of Dean: men who

possess the true inward light, though doomed by the oppressors of the land to work in darkness within the bowels of the earth.—These men shall guide thee: and, as thou drawest near unto thy journey's end, thou shalt be joined by a greater number, who have put their hands to the plough, and will not turn back. We have broken our bread together.—We have lifted up our voices in praise and in prayer together.—We have cried unto the Lord in our distress, and he will deliver us out of the house of bondage—'Tis four days since they departed from the Pyle, where we kneeled in solemn covenant together.' "Who are you?" exclaimed the Captain, starting up on his legs; "What are you, in the name of God?—You terrify me—you came on board poor and destitute, with nothing but a bundle, and nobody knew you, and now you take upon you to command."

“ See then in that the power which the word hath, even by such an humble instrument as me, and acknowledge the influence of the Spirit.—I am but one among you.—Of myself I can do nothing; but by his power can I do all things.”

“ It was true—’twas true—indeed, indeed—’twas true,” cried Ambrose and Griffiths, the two sailors, at the same instant. “ Lift up your eyes! Lift up your eyes!” cried the preacher; “ Behold,—on that point of land—see ye not men?—Doth not one among them wave a branch above his head? ” They all looked towards the spot described, which was a low headland projecting from the rest of the level shore about a furlong into the sea. About twenty persons were seen standing in a cluster together, and one apart from the rest continued waving a large branch of a tree above his head. “ Well,” said Jenkins, in a tre-

mulous tone, “ what was we to think of that now ? ” The fanatic directed him to lower his topsail, and, if the people on shore were of the “ real Israel of God,” three men would supply the place of the one now making signals, that being the mode of communication agreed upon by him with the colliers of Glamorganshire and the forest of Dean.

The sail was instantly lowered by Ambrose, without waiting for the Captain’s orders; so complete was the ascendancy which his nocturnal teacher had acquired over him in a few hours.

Scarcely had the sail fallen, when the person with a bough joined his companions, and three men issued from the mass, waving their hats and caps above their heads. “ He who hardeneth his heart now would not believe if a prophet rose from the dead—yea, if Elias were again to appear,” triumphantly exclaimed the fanatic.

The tide being low, a vast sheet of mud cut off all communication between the vessel and the main land; and Jenkins, who felt no inclination to receive a band of colliers on board his vessel, though they might assist him for the moment, represented that all their lives would be soon endangered by the currents and whirls which were always formed along shore by the rapid flowing of the tide, if he did not steer away from the land immediately.

“ We are in the Lord’s hands,” replied the fanatic; “ let him do what seemeth unto him good.—Keep thy vessel as near as may be to the shore, until it comes opposite to that chosen band, who are of those appointed to wash their feet in the blood of the wicked, that the meek may inherit the earth.”

These words were pronounced in a stern, impassioned, and commanding tone, which awed the two seamen into a thrill

of admiration and wonder: they drew back from the speaker a few steps, keeping their eyes steadily fixed on his countenance, which beamed with triumphant joy.

Jenkins shuddered involuntarily at the mention of blood; and, the big tear starting in his eye, returned with unsteady feet to his post at the helm, from which his arrival released Gatto, the other sailor, who immediately joined his mess-mates and the fanatic. Their eyes were fixed upon the headland where the colliers appeared to be in motion: the gradual advance of the *Fanny* threw back, and lessened its apparent length, till it seemed, on their nearer approach, to fall into a line with the other part of the shore.

“Fellow labourers in the vineyard,” said the fanatic, “to each man is given some talent which he must use to the

glory of God: to thee he hath given skill in that which appertaineth unto ships. The servants of the Lord at Gloucester are wearied by the cruel persecutions of the wicked, and their hands wax faint: they have need of the strong arm to act, as of the meek spirit to bear.—Ye have professed yourselves the servants of the same master, and it hath pleased him at the same hour that ye have entered into the field to present you with a harvest to reap.—There stand the avengers of his people, who are in distress, who are oppressed by famine, who are borne down, yea, bent unto the dust by their toil.—They cry aloud for succour; and shall we pass on and leave their deliverers behind?—The winds and the waves obey the voice of the Most High.”

“ There is no danger,” cried Gatto; “ lower the mainsail—let go the gaff halyards, you Griffy,—ease off the fore-

sail—she shall lose her way, look you,—hur knows the tide and the banks, and the currents, and the whirls, every bit so well as old Davy Jenkins.—The Fanny will have one whirl round, look you, as a couple in a dance, just beyond the point, and then she shall be so quiet as the dock she was built in.”—These orders were instantly executed, partly by the person who issued them, and, with equal alacrity, by his two companions, all three alike inattentive to Jenkins’s loud and repeated demands of what they were doing. The noise brought Colonel Powell and his followers on deck ; where enough existed to confirm their suspicions that all was not right : but, on seeing the rough and numerous party on shore, who drew their attention by a loud cheering, which they uttered on seeing the vessel shorten sail, no doubt as to Jenkins’s treachery could be any longer entertain-

ed. The poor man stood trembling with fear and rage ; but, as the sailors well knew, dare not leave his post. The Colonel walked coolly up to him, and demanded the cause of his slackening sail, and of the shouting on land. " Your honour knows as much as hurselv, look you,—indeed to goodness hur thinks the Devil has possessed hur men." " The Spirit hath enlightened them," added the fanatic, advancing with a firm step ; the loose, large cloak, in which he first came on board, hanging over his shoulder.

He threw it on the quarter rail, behind the Captain's back, and seated himself upon it. " Look you, Davy Jenkins," cried Morgan, advancing close to the person whom he addressed, " 'twas of no use for you to talk of devils nor spirits,—hur has but one word to say to you,—taak it as you will—but, if you go to the shore or out of the way till you

pass those people you was a dead man." The action of drawing a pistol from his pocket was but too well suited to the word: he held it directed to poor Jenkins, who, already trembling, appeared now to be in an agony of fear which soon arrived at its crisis; for, after Morgan had held the pistol about a minute, the fanatic, taking advantage of a momentary turn of his eye towards the land, sprang forward, seized the weapon, and, in endeavouring to wrest it from Morgan's hand, it went off, and discharged its contents over Jenkins's head, who instantly fell as apparently lifeless on the deck, as though they had been lodged in his heart. Gatto, an active, sinewy young man, who was mate of the vessel, conceiving that Morgan had really shot the Captain, rushed forward, and with one blow laid him prostrate on the deck. He then seized the helm. La Rose ran,

and lifted Morgan, who was only stunned by the fall. The Colonel, seeing his servant in good hands, advanced towards the fanatic, and, in a haughty tone, ordered him to deliver the pistol. "Unto thee!" cried the fanatic: "Deliver up thyself rather: thou art not now among the deluded worshipers, who bow down their heads, that the foot of oppression may be upon their necks." Thus saying, he drew from beneath his coat, which lay on the rail, a long broad sword. The Colonel instantly drew on the defensive; but soon found that he had no novice to contend with. The fanatic rushed to the attack with an impetuosity which compelled him to retire.

"What!" cried his antagonist, "art thou among their Captains?"

The Colonel replied only by a blow; which, alighting on the high and pointed crown of his opponent's head, glanced

aside, and cut only part of the brim, which, according to the fashion of those days, was rolled up. Incensed to fury, the fanatic sprung forward, to close with him, and again he retreated towards the fore part of the ship ; but not now so fortunately as before ; for his feet became entangled with a coil of rope which lay on the deck, and he fell backward upon the cable.

In an instant, Ambrose and Griffiths rushed forward, and secured him with ropes, as their prisoner. “ He teacheth our hands to war, and our fingers to fight,” exclaimed the fanatic. “ See ye, my companions, he who fighteth for the Lord shall conquer ; yea, though an host rise up against him.”

CHAPTER IV.

MORTIFIED, almost to suffocation, the Colonel sat, with his hands and feet bound, upon the cable which was coiled upon the deck. The sailors who had made him prisoner lost no time in securing Morgan, who had, with the assistance of La Rose, scarcely recovered: the latter, not having taken any part in the fray, was left at liberty. Captain Jenkins had just recovered, when the clash of swords in the encounter between the Colonel and the fanatic met his ear, and caused a relapse, which prevented him from rising; and it was not until the Fanny was rapidly carried round by the eddy at the point, and the anchor let go in still water, as Gatto had foretold, that he ventured to lift his head. Seeing

Morgan and the Colonel secured, and feeling no personal injury, he recovered sufficiently to inquire of Gatto why he had brought the ship to an anchor.

Gatto, perceiving that he was unhurt, made no reply; but, glancing at him a look of scorn, went to assist his mess-mates in lowering the boat over the ship's side. Ambrose and Griffiths instantly jumped into her, and, directed by the fanatic, proceeded to the best landing place which they could select along the muddy bank.

In a short time they returned with about ten persons from the company ashore, whose appearance may be imagined, though it will hardly admit of description, since each individual was accoutred in some respects differently from his companions. Large slouching straw and rush hats, the same of felt, both black and of light drab, and some

with high pointed crowns with the brims rolled up, coarse rough coats, one or two leathern doublets, and many garments which seemed not to have been made for the wearers, might be observed among them: but in one respect their appearance was similar, for each was reckless of ornamenting the outward man, and displayed, in every gesture and attitude, that desperate gaiety which characterizes men who, having once entered upon a pursuit, are determined to persevere, be the end what it may, and resolutely shut out reflection and sober thought.

“The standard of the tribe of Zebulun was a ship,” cried the fanatic, leaning over the rails as the boat approached; and perceiving that he had attracted the notice of his hearers, he continued, “‘Zebulun and Naphtali were a people that jeopardized their lives unto the death. Then

he made him that remaineth have dominion over the nobles among the people: the Lord made me have dominion over the mighty.' " *

By this time the boat was alongside; and the fanatic was hailed, as a chosen vessel, by the passengers as they mounted upon the deck. The second trip brought their companions on board the Fanny, whose deck was now completely crowded by this addition to her freight.

" Go you abaft, all of you," cried Gatto; " you as was not used to a ship, look you, while we weigh anchor,—here you Griffiths, and you there, Howells, hur has seen you hand a sail and near a wind before now in Caswell Bay, look you—so bear a hand, my boys, at the capstan; for the mud here will suck in an anchor,

* Judges v. 18, 19.

indeed, indeed, like the quicks of Aber-tawey sands."

At this salutation two sturdy weather-beaten men separated themselves, with a knowing smile, from their companions, who proceeded to the stern, as directed, and seated themselves on the casks and bales which stood on the sides of the deck with a gravity of deportment which evinced their consciousness of the presence of a superior. They all preserved a solemn silence; while Gatto and his companions, aided by their newly acquired strength, hove the anchor on board, and got under sail, with fair wind and tide, for the Severn's mouth.

Captain Jenkins, having reflected upon the proper mode of conducting himself during the time of embarking his new comrades, resolved to re-assume his station, and appear active in a service, the accomplishment of which it was utterly

out of his power to prevent. His palm, moreover, itched for the reward due to the captor of a superior officer ; and his anxiety was displayed by so many useless gestures, leaning first on one, then on the other side, stooping, standing on tip-toe, yet always keeping his eye steadily fixed on the vessel's course, that he attracted the fanatic's attention, and was accosted by him in a manner little calculated to tranquillize the perturbed state of his mind.

“ Cursed is every man who doeth the work of the Lord negligently,” said the preacher, in a stern and loud voice ; and no noise was heard for a quarter of an hour on board the *Fanny*, but the rippling of the current as it rushed along her sides. Then a spare figure arose, and thus addressed the fanatic : “ We have seen thee in peril, John Lucas, otherwise Boanerges,—we have seen thee smite

the Philistine: but we know not the cause." Having said these words, the speaker resumed his seat; and the fanatic, whom we shall in future call John Lucas, related every particular with which the reader is already acquainted: dwelling slightly, as he affirmed, upon the contumely and insult to which he had been exposed on first coming on board.—His hearers all bent their eyes upon the fallen Colonel (seated on a bale near the shrouds, bound and dejected), and, uttering a low demoniac murmur of triumphant malignity, "grinned horribly a ghastly smile." Morgan, who lay bound upon some ropes in the middle of the deck, instinctively crawled between his master and their persecutors, forgetting at the instant his incapacity for defence.

The action spoke to man's heart; and Lucas exclaimed, "Thou art worthy of

following a better master; but He who stayed Saul of Tarsus in his career, can turn thee also. Let him be unbound." The order was scarcely issued before it was executed; and Morgan no sooner found himself at liberty, than he walked deliberately up to the Colonel, and with a knife cut the cords by which he was confined: then, bowing respectfully, but with a heart too full for utterance, the sturdy Cambrian left his master, and, taking a seat in the midst of Lucas's followers, looked round with defiance. "Be not high-minded, but fear," said the spare figure who had before spoken. Morgan looked at him scornfully: he was dressed in a buff doublet, with a sword by his side, in the belt of which was a Bible—his nether and under garments were black; and lappets suspended beneath his chin indicated that he was of the church militant. "Fear!" cried Morgan; "Look

you, hur was not used to fear ; but, indeed, if hur was, 'tis not such as thee that hur would be afraid of—a high wind would blow such as thee overboard."

Lucas perceived the gathering of a storm upon the ruffled and scowling brows of his adherents ; and beckoning the person whom Morgan had addressed, requested him to keep silence, though it were pain unto him, nor descend to answer a fool according to his folly ; but rather, as a time of leisure was afforded unto them, to improve the passing hour by exhortation and prayer, that the hands of the brethren might be strengthened, and they might feel how goodly a thing it was to dwell together in unity, and with one accord to wrestle in prayer together with the Lord.

After their devotions were concluded, a conversation took place among them relative to the state of parties, and the

progress of the children of light against the sons of Belial: and many of those violent and cheap small pamphlets, which had been dispersed with so much zeal by the Puritans for the two preceding years, were produced, quoted, and read aloud; and laughter and boisterous acclamations were sure to follow every sentence that was more than usually severe against rulers, either temporal or spiritual; but the latter were always the favourite subject of derision. Indeed, however enraged the multitude may be against princes or kings, there is always an effect produced upon their minds by the various indications of power and activity by which temporal potentates are surrounded, which present a formidable barrier to insurrection, not to be infringed with impunity. A display of talent or energy will, moreover, command respect, even from an adversary; and, as we have

had occasion to remark before, the cavaliers had conducted themselves so bravely, that it was no longer in the power of fanatic leaders to argue their soldiers into any other feeling than rage against their opponents, as supporters of tyranny.

Not so was it with the bishops and clergy. When once they had lost that hold upon the minds of men which is the natural consequence of a firm belief in doctrines inculcated, they found no second resting place in public opinion. A zealous prelate, urging, from the pulpit, tenets which were denied, and doctrine which was hated, whatever were his abilities, rank, or station, presented, to the eyes of an infuriated populace, only a subject for compassion, or contempt, as the idea of his self-delusion, or “time-serving-ness,” and hypocrisy, were uppermost.

Their influence departed, and their

persons no longer considered venerable ; their tythes frequently withheld, and, in some places, where the adverse party were sufficiently strong, their churches pillaged :—the clergy, at the period of which we are now writing, appeared to their enemies in the condition of frightened and squalling children, clinging to their mothers for assistance, as they complained, and identified themselves with the King's party.

Thomas Watkins, the spare figure who had addressed Lucas, and reprimanded Morgan, was a man whose whole soul had long been dedicated to the great work which had now, as he said, commenced. By trade a cloth-weaver, he resided in a small cottage on Stinchcombe Hill, near Dursley, in Gloucestershire, in a solitude where he had, for the last ten years, cherished a gloomy, fanatic, and discontented spirit, with every sti-

mulus that issued from the press, or was to be found in the conversation or doctrines of those who met to vent their spleen, or preach against the proud “oppressors of the land.” Since the war had been open, he had devoted the whole of his time to the cause; and many a poor ignorant peasant had he already preached from the bosom of his family, who were left destitute amid the national tumult; while the warm heart which formerly beat fondly towards the beloved, but now houseless and unfriended wife and children, lay, “with all its generous and open vessels, compressed into a clod of the valley.”*

He had been an able coadjutor to Lucas in the present expedition, blowing the sparks which that “son of thunder” (Boanerges) had elicited, into a flame. He delighted to be the centre of a won-

* Sterne.

dearing, listening group, to whom he would impart strange passages in his experience, intermingled with tales of cruelty committed by the cavaliers and the proud priests of Baal. "Strange, my brethren," said he, after reading aloud the case of Waldegrave, a printer, at the sign of the Crane, in St. Paul's Church Yard, "are the ways of Providence.—This poor man, who was, by the persecution of Laud, driven from his home, shall now, peradventure, be lifted up, while the proud Levite is cast into a dungeon.* In my experience have I tasted that the Lord is good, even in sending affliction. When I lost my wife and three children by a fever, ten years ago, little did I think it was a Providence sent to wean me from earthly things.

* The Archbishop had then been more than two years and a half in the Tower.

Had they lived, I must have toiled early and late, and been swallowed up in worldly things, and never known the error of my ways, but have listened to the blind guides, and gone the road to perdition."

"Blind, indeed, you may say," uttered one of his hearers; "for the book says that the Bishop of London made the porter of his gate minister of Paddington, because he was blind."* "Aye, and he plays at bowls, and swears of a sabbath day," said Watkins, "and kept the Thames Street dyer's cloth, that was taken from the thieves, as the Bishop of Winchester confesses. And then there is the Bishop of St. David's has two wives

* Vide Martin Marprelat's tract, called "A Dialogue, wherein is plainly laid open the tyranical Dealings of Lord Bishops, &c. &c."—1640.

now living, Elizabeth Gigge and Alice Prime; and yet they pretend to be teachers.”

“ ‘ Woe,’ ” exclaimed Lucas, “ ‘ to the idol shepherd that leaveth the flock ! the sword shall be upon his arm, and upon his right eye : his arm shall be clean dried up, and his right eye shall be utterly darkened.’ * Listen, moreover, my brethren, to the decree issued by the Ruler of all things, in this Sacred Volume, and bear witness yourselves ; for your eyes have beheld his judgments fulfilled, even at the present times. Listen.”

All were silent while their leader read the 7th, 8th, and 9th verses of the second chapter of Malachi, as follows :

“ ‘ The priest’s lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth : for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts. But ye are departed out

* Zech. xi. 17.

of the way; ye have caused many to stumble at the law; ye have corrupted the covenant of Levi, saith the Lord of hosts.' " " Now mark what follows," said Lucas, and impressively read the conclusion: " 'Therefore have I also made you contemptible and base before all the people, according as ye have not kept my ways, but have been partial in the law.' " After a short pause, he continued,

" Are not these proud priests now contemptible and base before all the people? See that Beelzebub of Canterbury,* who, like Nabal, was such a son of Belial, that no man dare speak unto him †—see him in bonds—and, for the rest, the sword is drawn—the lintels of their doors

* Archbishop Laud was so called, as likewise the Chief of the Devils, by Dr. Martin Marprelat, Doctor in all the Faculties, Primate, and Metropolitan, as he is dubbed in some of his title pages.

† 1 Sam. xxv. 17.

are smitten—vengeance is gone forth,
' he that escapeth of them shall not be
delivered. Though they dig into hell,
thence shall mine hand take them ;
' though they be hid from my sight in
the bottom of the sea—'"

(Here the speaker stopped, and pointing with his skinny finger downward upon the deep, over which they were gliding, while his dark countenance glowed with fiend-like exultation, concluded),
" ' thence—thence will I command the
serpent, and he shall bite them.' " * Jenkins, who was not accustomed sufficiently to the language of the Bible to know that what he heard was a quotation, turned deadly pale, at least as pale as it was possible for him to be, at this oration, which was delivered with more than the speaker's usual vehemence.

A belief in witchcraft and superna-

* Amos ix. 1, 2, 3.

tural agency was not, in those days, confined to the rank of such persons as the Welch trading Captain, who consulted the cunning man of Pentregethen ; and, when a porpoise appeared at the instant upon the surface of the waves, though he well knew what it was, the coincidence made the teeth chatter in his head. So evident and ludicrous was the appearance of his countenance, that even the rigid puritan leader could not forbear a smile, though he was too good a politician to remove any apprehensions of his power which might obtrude themselves upon the imbecile Captain, who was compelled to remain at the helm, as Gatto, Ambrose, and even his apprentice boy, seemed utterly to despise his authority, and to have joined the chosen. The latter was particularly pert and forward, in consequence of having been told of the Parliament's order, “ That

all apprentices who would list themselves into their army should have their time of service for their freedom." * The setting his old master at defiance was a most glorious achievement in the eyes of this young urchin, who strutted backward and forward on the deck with as much self-importance as though he had been created lord high admiral.

Various, and not worth reciting, were the topics which occupied the conversational talents and attention of the puritans. The ignorant discontented have been the same in all ages, since the foundation of the tower of Babel; the completion of which building was about as feasible as the practice of many a modern theory. Strange are the reasons which have been given for opinions and dicta in themselves equally singular. The Roman or Byzantine empire was

* See Whitelock's *Memorials*, p. 62, et passim.

disturbed in its latter days by a seditious sect, who were bent upon having three emperors; for which their only reason was, that there were three persons in the Trinity: and, at an earlier period of Christianity, Constantinople was in an uproar to decide upon the difference between the Son, who was begotten, and the Father, who was not begotten. St. Gregory of Nice writes, that “if you asked the price of bread, they replied that the Father is the greatest, and the Son submitteth unto him; and if you ask when the bath will be warm, they assure you, very seriously, that the Son was created.” On the subject of royalty, our banditti certainly did not agree with the Roman Trinitarians; for when, after buzzing over many religious topics, and much abuse of the clergy, they settled, like a swarm of bees, upon the court, it was not to extract honey, but

to revel in the bitterness of reproach and angry defamation.

Both the King and Queen had a taste for exhibitions of a theatrical nature; and her Majesty having acted in a pastoral at Somerset House,* was condemned (from Prynne's *Histrio Mastyx*) as a vile woman, but by a much coarser epithet. Then the King was anathematized for publishing his father's book of sports; and both, for being the promoters of that scandalous, vain, extravagant, and wicked procession of the four inns of court, which cost, according to moderate calculation, the enormous sum of one-and-twenty thousand pounds. Watkins was in London at the time of that celebrated masque, and gave his hearers an account thereof, not forgetting to mention that the Queen danced with some of the masquers at Whitehall, and was so delighted with

* Whitelock.

the spectacle, that Freeman, the Lord Mayor of London, was induced to invite the party to perform the whole buffoonery over again in the City, where their Majesties were magnificently entertained at Merchant Tailors' Hall.*

This masque was an affair that took place ten years before ; but it was suited to the purpose ; and served as the commencement of a series of strictures upon various acts and occurrences performed by, and happening during the reign of, their unfortunate King. A candidate for the honour of representing a populous

* See Whitelock, who gives a particular account of the masque, or pageant, which was marshalled from Ely House, Holborn, down Chancery Lane, to Whitehall, on Candlemas night, to end Christmas.—Freeman, the Mayor, appears to have had a taste for show, as may be seen in an account of his inauguration, written by Thomas Heywood, 1633, and intituled “ London's Durporia, and London's Mercatura.”

county or city is placed in a somewhat similar situation with a falling monarch ; every act of whose progenitors is invidiously ransacked, sifted, and arrayed against him, as suits the purpose of his opponents.

“ It is no wonder,” said Watkins, after speaking of the deceased Buckingham with much asperity, “ that this King is so bad, seeing the example which was set before him—they must all have favourites—look at Laud ; and then there ; Juxon, the Bishop of London—he was parson of Somerton, in Oxfordshire, some years ago, when I went to see a blessed minister of the gospel, who lived there ; and, instead of tending his flock, what did he do all day long but hunt, and look after a pack of hounds that he kept, and used to boast that they were the best in England—and that was the way he got to be a bishop.”

“ Thinkest thou, brethren,” asked Lucas, “ that such men are the Lord’s anointed, and that Nimrod or Esau were fit for high priests? Verily they may be likened unto Caiaphas, who advised the death of our Lord. The priesthood, my brethren, was bestowed upon him by a Roman,* who had before raised up and pulled down three of his successors in two years. So in these our days hath the spirit of Antichrist, which springeth from Rome, and is ‘ drunken with the blood of the saints,’ created bishops for the destruction of the elect. ‘ These are all of one mind, and give their power and strength unto the beast—these make war with the Lamb—but he shall overcome them, for he is King of Kings, and Lord of Lords; and they that are with him are

* Valerius Gratus.—Vide Josephus, Antiq. lib. 18, cap. 3.

called, and chosen, and faithful.'* Ye are the called, my brethren ; ye are the chosen. Do ye not feel within you 'an earnest of the spirit ?'"

That most of his hearers did feel within them something for which they could not account, was most true ; and many of them believed that they were indeed among the highly favoured few, chosen and elected ; but others had doubts and qualms, which their more *enlightened* brethren strove zealously to remove. The circumstances of having taken possession of a ship, partaking of refreshment, and being conveyed whither they would go, gratis, after a weary and harassing march, were not taken into consideration. These, as well as the effect of hope on the bold and sanguine, and of fear on the timid, were too much in the common order of things, and ac-

* *Revelations xvii. 13, 14.*

cording to man's vain reason,' to be admitted as the causes of alteration in any man's inward feelings.

Having once started in the race of enthusiasm, each envying the progress that his comrade had made, and determined to overtake him, the awakened, as converts were called, sat with their mouths and hearts open, drinking in the profitable and edifying relations and instruction of their elders; and it is not surprising that, with an earnest wish to be deluded, and to taste the real spirit of fanaticism, they became at length sufficiently impregnated to answer the purposes of those who had the conducting of the "host of the Lord," as the Parliament army was profanely called.

While these fanatics, or puritans, the deceivers and the deceived (it is difficult to find a fit name for such a band at their outset, when they were agreed only on

one point, that of committing violence on some one, or, in their own words, "spoiling the Philistines,") were thus engaged, the *Fanny* was gliding on her course, favoured by a gentle breeze and rapid tide. The flowing of mighty waters has at all times a powerful and sublime influence upon the mind. Colonel Powell, seated near the head of the vessel (which, borne triumphantly upon the billows, seemed to exult, like the bounding roe, in his captivity and dejection), though cut off, for a time, from the hope of realizing those dreams of future bliss and greatness with which all young persons will indulge themselves, but in which young and aspiring soldiers are apt to dream as madly as the gamester's dupe, who throws sixes in his sleep all night. Forlorn and destitute as he was, the Colonel could not feel the refreshing breeze fan his cheek, nor behold the broad and

rolling Severn with apathy. The charms of nature awakened him ; and with rapture he gazed on the luxuriant shores, and the magnificent source of their fertility.

But his trance of happiness was short : a savage peal of laughter, or rather a yell of delight, from his persecutors, aroused him. All nature seemed changed ; and a tear glistened in his eye, as the mass of waters, rushing into the interior, presented a striking emblem of the tremendous and overwhelming torrent of rebellion, bloodshed, and misery, that threatened the inundation of his beloved and devoted country.

CHAPTER V.

THE late Colonel Powell, who fell at Bristol, in the seventieth year of his age, fighting for his King, had served, in various parts of the world, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of whom he seldom could speak without complaining of a weakness in the eyes, which he attributed to the swampy ground and fens of Holland, where he spent some months in her service, aiding the Dutch against the King of Spain.

The haughty tone which James I assumed towards the Parliament, and, perhaps, the preference given by that Monarch to Scotland, produced an unfavourable impression on the minds of thousands; and the Colonel felt that he could not look upon his Sovereign with

veneration : but, when titles were bestowed on men whose merit none but the King could discern ; when ancient and honourable families were disgraced, by finding low, servile, and sycophantic upstarts suddenly placed on a level with them, his hereditary pride took fire ; and when an appointment, to which he considered that he had a claim, was presented to a retainer of the Duke of Buckingham (who had rapidly risen from a knight's fourth son to the highest rank in the peerage), in a moment of spleen, vexation, and disappointment, he threw up his commission, and retired to his paternal estate and the solitude of Penleon.

We have before stated that this family mansion was seated on a knoll, whose bold rise from the side of a mountain, the sunmit of which was (at the distance of four miles) lost in the clouds,

presented a singular outline, which, in the dusk of evening, appeared like the figure of an immense sleeping lion.

A square substantial mansion, with turrets, built in the reign of Henry VIII, of massy stone, from a quarry which now formed a ravine to carry off the mountain torrents, stood, with bold and open front, overlooking, to the southward, many a league of that proud land “on which the Roman never trod.”

This building, flanked by two towers of a far more ancient date, formed the north side of an enclosed space, in the form of a parallelogram. The south side presented a massy portal, which, with its two circular and projecting low towers, were said to have been erected by an ancestor who arrived with William the Conqueror.

A wall, part of which was reported of equal antiquity, reached from either tower

of the gate to the two short sides of the court, each of which, being composed of offices, gave to the whole a semblance of one half of the ancient extent of Penleon Castle; the present modern building standing on an eminence, the site of the old donjon tower.—The remaining space behind the mansion, which was enclosed by remains of the ancient wall richly embossed with ivy, was formed into a fanciful shrubbery with walks, leading to, and winding round, every relic of ancient grandeur.

Gardens, pastures, and a small park, extended to the eastward, for about half a mile in length, upon the back and sloping sides of the lion: the mansion and surrounding buildings alone occupying the pen, or head, of the knoll.

The reader may now perhaps look, but the search will be fruitless, upon the extended southern side of Bresilly, or the

adjacent hills, for some relic of this favourite retreat and pride of the ancient family of Powell.

Whatever it might be supposed to have formerly possessed of picturesque beauty, grandeur, or internal comfort, not a vestige now appears to tell of its existence, or relieve the rugged and barren moor, and, as the herald would express it, “wavy” ground beyond, rising gradually to the northward.

During the first year or two of the Colonel’s retirement he found sufficient employment and amusement in superintending workmen in different parts of his domain, repairing breaches in the old walls, restoring sometimes the original form of a projecting watch-tower, or the true circular sweep of a shattered foundation belonging to the primeval erection. His next care was to arrange numerous suits and pieces of armour, and weapons of

various dates, which had accumulated in the tower that formed the left wing of the modern mansion. These tasks, being of a nature congenial to his military bias, enabled the ci-devant Colonel to enjoy his “otium cum dignitate;” but alas, when they were accomplished, and he had once or twice heard the same tales and the same genealogical display of memory from the neighbouring gentry, he began to look round and wonder what fatuity had led him to plant himself, as it were, in so barren a soil, like an oak in the cleft of a ~~rock~~, where, though it may take root, yet must it bend, and twist, and grow crooked and deformed. So was it with the Colonel for a short time; fits of abstraction, solitary walks, peevishness, with, now and then, a gleam from the pleasures of memory, filled up his weary days, until an invitation to a dinner party of select friends took him to

Carew Castle, where he found himself suddenly restored to self-possession and content. The company was of a description which he lately had frequently seen in dreams. The Bordeaux, Soterne, Burgundy, and even the cwwr (which last was placed on the table in large silver two-handed cups, similar to those now in use, but more massy, and each handle formed to resemble an old Welsh harp) all were excellent; and a ride of near twenty miles had given the Colonel that rallying of the spirits which is so necessary occasionally, and so luxuriously renovating to men of retired or sedentary habits.

One of the party attracted much of his attention: she was a lady whom he had seen, when introduced first, at the court of Queen Elizabeth: she was then about twenty years of age; but the twelve summers which had passed since,

appeared to the Colonel only to have ripened her then budding charms.

Her manner was dignified and condescending, and she instantly recognized her acquaintance Captain Powell; and when evening came, they found no one near them, as they stood at one of the large windows of the banqueting room, gazing upon the lengthening shadow of the castle, as the sun, sinking behind them, threw it, like a black veil, over the passing waters of an arm of the sea which skirts the walls of the building, and communicates with Milford Haven.

The Colonel had once or twice, during the day, detected himself looking at Miss Owen rather more steadily than the accepted forms of good breeding would then allow: but how they thus were placed tête-a-tête was utterly incomprehensible to him. As it was, he could not abruptly leave her alone; and, for

the first time in his life, felt quite incapable of starting any topic of conversation. Her form was somewhat above the middle height; her face round, rosy, and good-humoured; or, as we should say now, it was a downright Welsh countenance, excepting that the nose was small and aquiline. This pleasing bust was surrounded, as by a cheveux de frieze, with an immense starched ruff, of the true Elizabethan form and magnitude, which the wearer pertinaciously and sturdily endeavoured to keep in fashion. The Colonel's whole soul was softened within him: the pride of autumnal verdure, the clear sky, the passing waters, the magic melody of the harper, the sudden transition from inert solitude and melancholy to active enjoyment; and, though last, not least among the operating causes, a beautiful female moving before him in the costume of the Queen of the brave, all

conspired to reduce, or elevate, him (for we are not nice as to terms) to that peculiar frame of mind when a feather's weight would turn the scale ; when, calm and serene, the soul feels as much of happiness as it is capable of in this world, and fancies past and future bliss connected by the present moment. With the Colonel it was so. His imagination was wandering from Spain to the Netherlands ; Penshurst, Tilbury, the court in London, her Majesty's gracious reception and subsequent notice of him, as the son of an officer who had distinguished himself in the action with the Spanish Armada, all seemed to float before his eyes. Miss Owen observed his agitation, or rather his absence of mind ; and, with the kindest intention, no doubt, endeavoured to lead the way to a conversation. “ Colonel,” said she, advancing close to him, and (with the familiar and

innocent confidence that is not even yet lost in Wales or Ireland,) laying her hand on his folded arm, “ ever since I had the honour of being again introduced to you this morning, my fancy has been continually conjuring up scenes of old times.”

The Colonel’s countenance, during this short speech, underwent a visible alteration ; which, being observed by the fair speaker, her dark grey eyes, as they gazed upon him, changed their expression into a look of alarm and tender inquiry. Bending forward, she was about to ask if he found himself unwell ; but, before a word could pass her lips, his hand was upon hers, which it pressed, as he emphatically ejaculated “ God bless you !” with a warmth that startled the fair owner so much that she stept back two paces, her inclined position changed to a perpendicular stiffness, which brought her head into the centre

of the complicated starched folds of her ruff, like a mimick fortification bristling to protect her.

To the enraptured Colonel it was beautiful as the halo encircling the moon. For a moment they gazed on each other ; Miss Owen wished to be angry ; but something was sparkling in the Colonel's eye, and she could not. "Madam," said he, taking her hand between both his, and pressing it more fervently than before, "Madam, there are some subjects upon which it is occasionally out of our power—yes, madam, utterly — utterly impossible to converse." Nothing more passed between them that evening : but the Colonel soon left the banqueting room, and wandering into the stables, took the trouble of examining personally the shoes and saddle of his horse, much to the astonishment of a trusty servant who had been his attendant at home and abroad

for near twenty years, and had never seen him notice the beast on which he rode, after dismounting, unless provender was scarce (as would sometimes happen in the Netherlands), and then no rider could be more anxious. Rees Price followed his master at a respectful distance, till they entered the stable, where, considering himself as entitled to assume some importance, he walked deliberately up to the side of his favourite charger, and, throwing aside the red velvet cloth that covered his sleek coat, ventured to say he did not look worse for the journey. “There is something in the make or fitting on of his shoes that makes the poor beast travel in pain,” said the Colonel; “take up his foot, and let me see what it is.” In vain Price declared that no animal could be shod better. When a man is predisposed to discover faults, it is very difficult to persuade him that they do not

exist. The Colonel was convinced that his horse had gone lame for the last four miles of their journey ; and poor Price was, at last, obliged, like other servants of past and present times, to confess that his honour knew best, though nothing could be further from his real sentiments.

“ Whew,” cried he, as soon as the Colonel was out of hearing, “ what was to be done now hur wonders. The tevil fit hur with tight hot iron shoes hurselv before hur’ll have a nail moved—hur knows well enough what’s all apout—and so look you, master of mine.” Then, rubbing the horse’s legs with a whisp of straw, he sung

“ Tear Winifred lived on the mountain’s high top,
And steep was the way to her cot :
Put hur whistled and always went merrily up,
Though ‘twas hard to get pack—hur wot.”

During a walk of some hours the next morning, both the Colonel and Miss

Qwen discovered that it was possible to converse about Queen Elizabeth ; and many were the pageants recalled to their recollection ; in the description of which the lady was as formal and exact as the most inquisitive searcher for antiquated customs could wish. The Colonel repaid the kind communications of his fair companion, by tracing the influence of Queen Elizabeth's court over all foreign powers—her haughty refusal of the Spaniard and subsequent wars—her magnanimity toward Henry IV of France, who, as he himself acknowledged, in a letter to her Majesty—owed his crown to her,* her protection of the Dutch, &c. &c.

* The following letter from that prince to Queen Elizabeth, in reply to her request that Calais should be delivered up to her as an equivalent for succours which she was to furnish him with, is characteristic of the manner of writing practised with the Queen, and, at the same time,

Then followed, elicited by the lady, and modestly related by the narrator, so honourable to Henry IV, that we make no doubt of its being acceptable to the inquisitive reader :

“ Madame, j’ai reçu votre lettre par le Sieur de Sidney, et entendu de lui la proposition qu’il dit avoir eu charge de me faire de votre part, que j’ai trouvée si peu convenable à la sincérité de cette parfaite affection que j’ai toujours trouvée en votre bonté, que je crois plutot qu’elle ait été persuadée par ceux qui ne savent pas quel est l’interieur de votre ame, que non pas qu’elle soit née et conçue en icelle, qui a toujours été envers moi trop candide et favorable, pour vouloir maintenant gâter une vertu que vous avez mise en si grande perfection, qui est l’intégrité de votre amitié, qui n’a jusques ici, même en ce qui a été de mon particulier, reçu comparaison ni exemple. Permettez moi donc, madame, que, quoi que m’ait dit le Sieur de Sidney, je sois jusques ici incrédule que vous vouliez mesurer votre amitié à l’utilité qui vous en peut revenir, même en cette occasion, qui est si importante et pressante, qu’elle ne comporte point le temps qu’il faudrait

anecdotes of the wars in which he had been personally engaged, commencing

pour délibérer sur une proposition de telle conséquence. Les nécessités, madame, sont les preuves (ou épreuves) des bonnes ou feintes affections ! Je m'assure que la vôtre se justifiera en cette occasion, telle qu'elle a toujours été ; je le pense ainsi mériter, madame, par l'ardeur du zèle que j'ai à votre service, et contentement pour lequel nul ne portera jamais sa vie plus librement que moi, qui vous prie croire qu' ainsi que je reconnois que je suis ce que je suis, principalement par vous, que je suis et serai éternellement et entièrement pour vous et pour votre service ; vous suppliant très-humblement que cette occasion, que je suis venu rechercher sous l'espérance de votre protection, ne m'échappe point faute d'icelle, avec honte pour moi et quelque note en votre amitié, que vous ne doutez point que tout le monde ne regard en cet accident, plus qu'en nul autre qui ni soit jamais offert, et ai eu agréable que le Sieur de Saney, que j'ai auprès de vous, s'explique davantage sur les particularités de cette affaire, à quoi me remettant ; je finirai en vous baisant bien humblement les belles et heureuses

with the siege of Rouen, where, "according to the Duke of Sully, the English alone served Henry IV, " *de bonne foi.*" The Colonel was then about eighteen years of age in his first campaign, when the memory is retentive of all that passes, and the interest which a young soldier takes in every movement and

mains qui tiennent les clefs de ma bonne ou mauvaise fortune ; je ne desirerai jamais meilleure que d'etre toujours reconnu, madame," &c. &c. &c. This letter is dated the 22d of April, 1569 ; and is extracted from Gaillard's *Rivalité de la France et de l'Espagne*, vol. vi. p. 44, &c. The author remarks that it is the only document, relative to this negociation, which is not printed in the works and collections of Guillaume du Vair, and that he copies it from the manuscripts of Brienne, vol. xxxvii. When the King first received Queen Elizabeth's intimation, he appears to have, for a moment, forgotten his accustomed gallantry, and exclaimed that " il aimoit autant être mordu par un lion que par une lionne, et depouillé par ses ennemis que par ses alliés."—*Idem.*

transaction, presents a striking contrast with the apparent apathy and nonchalance of a veteran. First impressions are lasting; and the marches and counter-marches, good and bad quarters, foraging parties, and occasional days of hunting and hawking in that expedition, under the Earl of Essex, rose with unfaded colours to the Colonel's remembrance; and he found not merely a willing, but a deeply interested listener. The intrepidity, humanity, and generosity, with which the war in France was then skilfully conducted, on both sides, by Henry IV, and the Duke of Parma, were topics of eulogium, and were contrasted with the mean and petty warfare of Philip of Spain, in landing marauders on the Cornish coast from Britanny, to burn defenceless villages and fishermen's huts. The loss of Calais, both to England and France, in consequence of Hen-

ry's refusal to deliver it to Elizabeth, was next discussed ; and much praise bestowed on the former for his resolution in not acceding to a demand of so much eventual importance to his people, for the sake of a temporary advantage to himself : yet (they said) the Queen acted only with becoming watchfulness for the interests of England, in endeavouring to regain an important station, which had long been held by her ancestors. A politician herself, it was natural that the ladies of Queen Elizabeth's court should emulate their mistress's knowledge: study and conversation upon passing events were the ton ; and Miss Owen alternately delighted her companion with the minutiae of most honourable entertainments given to " the Queene's majestie," and remarks upon past occurrences, which indicated much strength of mind and habits of reflection.

At dinner, and during the remainder of that day, the junior branches of the company spoke of them as a pair of lovers belonging to the old school: and there is something in the old school, when combined with innate benevolence and personal respectability, that always bespeaks attention, and even commands a sort of affectionate veneration, from the young.

In a month from that day Penleon Castle boasted a company as noble, happy, and numerous, as ever assembled in any mansion throughout the principality, on a similar occasion.

Colonel Powell and Miss Owen were united in a small church situated in a romantic valley below the park: the day was spent in hilarity by the nobility and gentry in the castle, and by the tenantry and villagers in the court-yard; awnings being erected on each side, and

immense fires lighted in the centre for roasting four oxen whole; and barrels of cwrw, one at each corner, were replaced by others as often as emptied.

The bride appeared highly gratified at the sight of a full length portrait of "the Maiden Queen," suspended opposite the door of the great dining-room: but perhaps her personal self-importance never rose higher than when, looking over the fire-place, she saw a newly painted escutcheon, bearing, on a red field, the golden rampant regardant lion of the Powells, with his body partly hid from view by an escutcheon of pretence, charged with the three well-known warriors' heads and chevron of her forefathers.

In a few months, dame Powell, or my lady, as she was called by the villagers and neighbours, had wrought a gradual, but complete metamorphosis in

the household at Penleon. In every servant might be observed a stateliness of deportment, and strict attention, each to his or her particular duties, which were clearly defined in a written document affixed to the door of the servants' hall, by which fines were levied for neglect or unseemly behaviour.

One individual alone appeared incapable of appreciating the value of her ladyship's directions, and that was Rees Price, who had been too long used to travelling and doing as he pleased, to fall in readily with any new regulations. He was, moreover, of a most stubborn and testy humour; and nothing but the devotion which he felt towards the Colonel induced him to stay an hour at Penleon after the first exhibition of the "rules for the servants' conduct," &c.

By his violent expressions he excited the laughter, and became, consequently,

the butt of his fellow servants, who delighted to watch and fine him on all occasions. One morning the Colonel met him in the garden ; and, having observed an alteration in his manners, was resolved to ascertain the cause, and addressed him—"Good morning, Price : that celeri you have been digging looks well."

" 'Twas fery coot, your honour, put 'thas made hur plow and puff acain ; tis cold morn—for te cround is so hard, pless us, as Tenby crags, look you ; te sun has not cot power yet." "Then why not wait an hour?" said the Colonel ; "it is not yet nine o'clock, and wants three hours tiil dinner-time."

" Hur can't pay a penny every tay ; and the paaper of orders says te cook shall haf te vegetable by nine of te clock, you see, and te cardiner's cone to Maenclochog, so 'tis hur works to tay."

Then pray go in with them, and return here immediately, as I wish to have some conversation with you."

When Price came back, the Colonel told him that he had observed something was upon his mind lately. "You are," said he, "an old friend of mine; I like to see all faces happy near me, but, more particularly, those which I have known longest. So now, Rees, I expect you will, without any reserve, tell me what ails you." "Nothing, your honour, only hur was afraid to pe fined and laughed at again: and was provoked to be tigging at te cround with a pickaxe, like a cally slave, all apout a pit of celery, that won't pe wanted for two hours or petter, and pe tamed to't—put, 'tis all past and cone now, cot pless your honour, and hur's as easy as hur old staple cap."

It was some time before the Colonel

could (from inference more than any positive communication of facts) discover that poor Rees Price was living in that peculiar state of mind and body which is most significantly expressed by the common term of being “like a fish out of water.”

No man could like hard work better —no groom ever kept his stable or horses better looked after; and, whatever assistance any of his fellow servants might need, when he had a leisure half hour, he was always at their disposal, and went, whistling and singing, earnestly about his task. This practice he had been accustomed to for years; and sorely did he sigh and scratch his head when he first perceived that one of the rules, upon the “cursed paaper,” forbade any of the servants to whistle or sing “unseemly ballads” about the house. Unfortunately, most of the songs which

Rees had picked up in his travels were adjudged, by the butler and housekeeper, to be of that description. The fact was, that a man might have more melody in his tones and less strength of lungs than Rees usually displayed, to the great annoyance of those persons whose musical taste was not upon a par with his own.

In the stable he endeavoured to compensate for the silent and lost time spent in-doors, where he would go when he had sung himself into good humour: but, alas, his temper was warm as his heart, and the mirth which his passionate antics created was too tempting for the maidens to spare him. Some days before, it happened that one of the prettiest was deputed to ask his assistance in cleaning a large embossed silver brooch, which her lady had used to confine her dress in riding, and had become

so tarnished by lying unused, that she feared it was spoiled. This was taking Price on his weak side: for he was fond of boasting that no man could remove rust or a stain from armour more completely, or restore better the true original goldsmith's polish to chased or embossed ornaments of any kind. With a knowing smile he took the brooch from the pretty, smiling, mischievous Peggy. Little suspecting the snare, he went to the window: and, after examining it minutely, exclaimed, turning round, "Hur'll soon show you, my tear—pless your pretty plew eyes—how cunning he looks to tay." Then, taking a piece of leather, a small brush, and some powder, from his pocket, he sat down on a form opposite Peggy, and began to rub the brooch; but scarcely had he passed his hand across it three times, before,

impelled by that resistless power which long habit exercises over the greater number of mankind, he began singing,

“ ‘Tis pleasant to wait on a knight or a squire
When they’re prave, hearty, and free;
Put—to wait on a pretty cirl’s all my tesire;”

Yes—that’s te works for me :

Yes—that’s te works for me.

For laughing plew eyes in a Pembrokeshire hood,
With smiling mouth below,
Peat all the French moimselles—oh! aye, by the
rood,
Or any Dutch barge

Here the song was interrupted by the entrance of two or three fellow servants, and Price was fined one penny for singing “an unseemly ballad.” In vain he stamped, and raved, and cursed the “paaper” and the “proach,” and all that belonged to them: he was threatened with a fresh prosecution for swearing, and was glad to escape to the stables, where he became gradually

cooler, and returned with a determination of being revenged on the deceitful Dalilah who had betrayed him (by discovering where his weakness lay), like Sampson, into the hands of the Philistines. Entering the servants' hall, he unluckily perceived that she was alone, with her back to the door, rubbing a drinking glass for her mistress's supper table. Approaching her slyly, he endeavoured to steal a kiss; but so sudden and unexpected was the attack, that she, alarmed, uttered a loud shriek: however, not being troubled with shattered nerves, she soon recovered; and, laughing at Price's disappointment, provoked him to a determination of carrying his loving plan of vengeance into effect, and a scuffle commenced for that purpose, which was not finished when the housekeeper, who had been alarmed by Peggy's scream, entered the hall, and

found Rees Price, contrary to the aforesaid rules of conduct, "rompinge with the maydens," of which he was subsequently convicted and compelled to pay two-pence, a sum that the delinquent gallantly affirmed he should not have grudged, had he succeeded in his attempt upon Peggy's lips. Though Colonel Powell was a lover of order, he felt that Price was not so much to blame as his master, who had taken him from his parents when a boy; and, after he had run, like a wild colt, in and out of the stables for a year or two, made him his travelling groom when he went abroad with the Earl of Essex, in which situation he could not but reflect with sorrow he had never required any account of his time or company.

Price's attachment and honesty were, however, unquestionable; and, after some reflection and consultation with

his lady, it was resolved, that old Evan Jones Gwyllim, who was become too feeble to perform the duties of porter, should retire to a neighbouring cottage as a pensioner, and that Price should take possession of the old round tower on the right side of the entrance-gate into the court-yard ; and, in addition to his office of janitor, that he should, on every Monday morning, from nine till twelve of the clock, visit the armoury in the left wing or tower of the castle, and take from thence such helmets, cuirasses, stirrups, pauldrons, guardes des reines, pikes, blackbills, maces, swords, fire-arms, greaves, chaufrons, &c. &c. as showed any tarnish, to his tower, where he was to polish and restore them, to the best of his ability, to their original state, and to return and replace each week what he had moved on his last visitation, *if possible*. The

two last words were added in consequence of Price's asserting that it was sometimes impossible to remove rust of many years' standing, such as he had observed on divers pieces in the armoury, in the course of that time, by fair means: that he could do it, however, if it was her ladyship's wish; but many a brave man had lost his life, since firearms were so much in vogue, from the improper use of files, which left many a heavy cuirass with places no thicker than one of her late Majesty's sixpences (God bless her)—however, if it was left to him he knew how to do his duty, thank God, as an armourer; for he used to spend an hour or two every evening with the workmen of all sorts belonging to the armoury at Munich; and besides, when he was at Milan, he became acquainted with an old man who had a book which was written by

another old man who lived in a wood like a hermit; and when he died, they found in his cave two suits of armour, one most beautifully ornamented with golden-headed rivets, a large shoulder shield, with heraldic blazonry, &c.

Price's eloquent display of his acquirements induced her ladyship graciously to add the two important additional words to the instructions, which were written by her own hand, for the new armourer, who received them in the most respectful manner; but, no sooner was he fairly out of hearing, than he began singing,

“ Winifred went one tay to plough,
And Morgans he tried to milk the cow:
Winifred stuck with the plough in a pog,
And Morgans as well could have milk'd the
hog.
Sing tantara rara, your trade hold fast,
The cobler should always stick to his last.

In his double capacity of porter, or

warder and armourer, the latter of which titles flattered his vanity not a little, Price could work and sing unmolested all day, keeping a look out, through a side window of his tower, at the front portal of the castle, from whence her ladyship never issued but in state. Happy was he at first in his employment and the recovery of his liberty ; but in a few weeks the abode appeared lonely, and his spirits forsook him, until he persuaded Peggy to give him his revenge, and accompany him to church, and from thence to the tower, where her blue eyes and smiling looks made his heart within him leap for joy.

CHAPTER VI.

THE days of the family at Penleon passed in calm and content. Morning brought its duties, and evening its repose. Years rolled insensibly away, and saw Colonel Powell the happy father of a son and two daughters, who were most attentively educated in privacy, with a feeling that study and perseverance in their various tasks and exercises were but initiatory steps which would enable them, hereafter, when introduced at court to the great world, to conduct themselves with that dignity and self-possession naturally expected from representatives of two of the most ancient houses in the kingdom, and from the children of parents who had formerly made no insignificant figure at the levees of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth.

Shortly after the accession of King Charles I, (on the demise of the Scottish monarch, James,) the Colonel, in consequence of divers hints which dropped from his lady, began to question the propriety of neglecting to pay his devoirs to a sovereign of whom report spoke highly. The rust of seclusion and habitual quiet had made formidable encroachments on the former habits of both : but the good lady had an excuse for procrastination, and hesitating to undertake so long a journey. She had been suffering from a violent cold and rheumatic affection, which her loving spouse attributed to needless perseverance in clear-starching and stiffening her own ruffs—an operation which, she most positively affirmed, none of the maidens had any idea of performing.

Her anxiety of mind increased with

her complaint ; and, as the Colonel delayed preparing for his departure, with the fond hope that she would be able to accompany him, rose to a height which exhibited itself in such a decided manner as to prevent any further hesitation on his part.

One day, when they were alone, and their conversation had taken a serious tone, she thus expressed herself : " As our children must be presented when they shall have arrived at a proper age, it might, peradventure, be of advantage to them that their parents should have previously obtained some footing at court : not but that we should *now* discover immediately many of the honourable attendants at the court of her late revered Majesty Queen Elizabeth, notwithstanding the tribes of new nobility and courtiers whom the late King unadvisedly hath exalted. The memory of

her most glorious Majesty is embalmed and cherished by her subjects ; and, doubtless, each individual upon whom she graciously condescended to smile will be received *now*, with becoming attention, by his present Majesty : but" (here a deep sigh burst from the speaker) " her Highness's mortal remains repose in the silent tomb to which we are all hastening. No one knows how soon, nor to whom, the next summons may arrive. Then, think, oh ! my beloved friend, if I—if—if you" (here tears forced their way,) "if we should—" Unable to proceed, she was for some moments silent; then, with an effort, recovering, she opened a Bible which lay on the table, and resumed, addressing the Colonel, who sat opposite with eyes averted, to conceal his emotion. " Remember that the children of Israel prospered when Joseph lived at the court of Pharaoh ;—but

listen to the words of revealed wisdom and experience." Bending over the Holy Volume, she then, with slow solemnity of tone, and strong emphasis, read, from the 1st chapter of Exodus, the 6th and 7th verses : " ' And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation. And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty ; and the land was filled with them.' Now mark," she continued, " their troubles and persecutions commenced, when," as we read in the 8th verse, " there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." The good lady then, unable to add more, closed the book, arose, and, with stately deportment, slowly retired to her own apartment, proudly conscious of having faithfully performed a painful duty.

The Colonel paced the room three or four times, fervently thanking the Giver

of all good things for having bestowed upon him an able counsellor in the person of a beloved wife. His resolution was immediately taken, and every preparation made for his speedy appearance at court, in a manner suitable to his rank. It was proposed that Rees Price should accompany him as valet: but it unfortunately happened that her ladyship, in looking over her manuscripts and printed books upon dress, ornaments, liveries, &c. for her government in arranging the Colonel's establishment, met with a full and precise account of the expedition of his Majesty King Henry VIII to the siege of Boulogne; by which it appeared that his troops and servants were clad in a “bizarre fashion,”* with party-coloured hose, and many with hose of two distinct and different colours,

* Vide Hollinshed's Chronicle, et passim

one red on the left leg, and one of light blue on the other, &c. Nothing could form a more striking distinction, at the same time that the plan was economical, particularly as her ladyship possessed two most valuable recipes for dyeing both scarlet and yellow, which were the colours of the family livery. The hose were, accordingly, prepared, and delivered, by the housekeeper, to the armourer, with directions that they were to be worn the next day, to show their effect.

He gazed upon them for some time with mixed indignation and astonishment, holding them at arm's length, unable to articulate a word : then, recovering, looking round, and bursting into a desperate fit of hoarse, and somewhat like hysterick, laughter, he decamped from the servants' hall. It was fortunate that her ladyship did not personally deliver

her instructions ; as all the respect which Price felt for the family of his master would have been insufficient to enable him, on the present occasion, to have conducted himself even tolerably in her sight.

In vain Peggy, after the first burst of his passion was over, affirmed, that although the fashion was very unbecoming, yet, no doubt, it *was* the fashion in London, or her ladyship would not have thought of such a thing : and, that being the case, he might appear as singular there with his comfortable blue woollen hose, of her knitting, reaching above the knee, as he would at Penleon with one red and one yellow leg. This representation of the case was again made the following morning ; but Rees's objections were insurmountable ; and he, at length, made a firm stand against Peggy's rhe-

toric, upon a ground on which an ancient Briton is invincible. After an hour spent in repeating marriages and intermarriages, and names of numerous persons long since defunct, with the places of their residence, most of which it would be exceedingly difficult for a Saxon either to write or pronounce correctly, he succeeded in completely convincing both Peggy and himself that his name, instead of being Rees Price, ought to have been, and indeed really was, Rees ap Rees, which every one knew was the same thing as Rhys ap Rhys. How the family title came to be first dropped he could not say, as Rhys ap Rhys was the same as Rhys, son of Rhys, and the Rhyses were formerly kings in Wales. Such being the case, he should be guilty of an insult to all the aforesaid kings, and to all their "aps," if he were to

dress up their descendant like “Hans Voorst,”* for public exhibition; unless indeed it were at yule tide, or some right merry occasion, and then he was always ready to be “Much, the miller’s son,” or what else was laid down for him to enact for pastime sake. It is not surprising that such an appeal should alarm Peggy’s pride, considering the insults and degradation in respectability which their posterity might receive, if Rees’s dress

* Hans Voorst is the name of a character which was introduced in pantomimes upon the Continent. He was a sort of Jack Pudding, intended for a harlequin; but, being of Dutch birth and parentage, was very dissimilar to our modern hero of that title. Price most likely became acquainted with him in Holland, where he not only exhibited himself at fairs, &c. but, after the performance of their sanguinary tragedies, was used to exhibit his tricks, highly to the gratification of crowded audiences, causing most delectable mirth. “Tempora mutantur?”

should really expose him to be taken for a professed fool or mountebank.

The Colonel having some doubts relative to Price's docility, walked through the gateway immediately after breakfast ; and, seeing him dressed as usual, inquired if some proposal had not been talked of relative to a change in his dress that morning. With great humility, Price commenced by assuring the Colonel, that, indeed to goodness, he would do any thing for so good a master : but when he had proceeded so far as to speak of the Reeses ap Rhyses ap Rhyses, he felt his consequence, and became so warm as to say he was sure it was not out of his honour's own head to desire such an unreasonable thing of an old servant.

“ Well, Rees, we shall see about the matter ; but you need not make any change till you hear again from me,”

said the Colonel coolly, and walked on, perfectly convinced that Rees Price, with his waywardness and prejudices, would be an unsit attendant, and perhaps a great incumbrance at the end of his purposed journey.

This circumstance caused the advancement of Morgan, who had then been in the family as footman for a few months only. He appeared a well-behaved young man, of good address, and had seen something of the world, having been on the Continent with his late master, who, like many other young men of family and fortune at that period, spent some years in wandering from place to place, observing the progress of the various wars in support of the King of Bohemia, which title was accepted by Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine ; who, being unable to make good his claims against the Emperor Ferdinand, had applied for as-

sistance to King James of England, whose daughter Elizabeth he had married.

That Monarch wisely disapproved of his having assumed the title, conceiving that the act would expose him to enemies too powerful for him to contend with, and hazard the loss of his fine hereditary domains, over which he might have continued to reign in peace; or, in the words of his Majesty, who was extremely fond of using a proverb or fable on every occasion, “The states of Bohemia wish to use Frederick as the monkey did the cat’s paw, to get the chestnuts out of the fire;” and events proved the correctness of this opinion.

These wars, which commenced in 1619, spread far and wide, upon the clashing of various interests, throughout all Europe; and did not entirely cease for the space of thirty years.

. King James at length was induced to enter into the war: but at his death, in 1625, nothing had been effected for his son-in-law, who, with his wife and family, were driven out of his former possessions. The only army sent from England to his aid (which was placed under the command of Count Mansfield) consisted of 12,000 foot and 200 horse. This expedition was unfortunately delayed off the coast of Holland, in consequence of demands made by the Dutch for their assistance in relieving Breda, which was then likely to fall into the hands of the Spanish Marquis Spinola.

Mansfield's instructions forbade his interference in any affair which might offend Spain: he sent to London, therefore, immediately that he found himself prevented from disembarking, for permission to employ his troops, in their passage through the country, for the ser-

vice of allies who were warm in the common cause. Every debate proceeded then slowly in England. It was a weighty point to be decided : however, at length, leave was granted to purchase a route through the Prince of Orange's dominions at the stipulated price ; but before it reached the Count, 4,000 brave fellows had fallen victims to diseases produced from close confinement on ship-board, and as many more were " mouldering away."*

With the exception of diplomatic influence, nothing more had been done for the Elector at the period of King Charles's accession to the throne, than when Colonel Powell left Penleon for London.

During his journey, which was made on horseback, he had much cause to congratulate himself on the selection of

* Rushworth's Hist. Coll. and Dugdale's Troubles, p. 24.

Morgan, who, he found, had not spent his time idly on his travels. Many were the tales with which he beguiled the tedium of so long a journey. Facts are always interesting ; and the plain blunt manner in which Morgan related them carried a conviction of truth which might not have attended more florid descriptions.

He was with the army which was collected in the Palatinate of the Rhine, by Count Mansfield (after the evacuation of Bohemia, in 1622), when the nominal King of those territories arrived in a disguise, by favour of which he had travelled from Calais, through part of France and Lorraine; and in Alsace had passed through the army of the Archduke Leopold (the Emperor's brother), where he was compelled to drink healths in favour of his enemies, and against himself, and listen to many a tale of raillery about the “ would-

bc" king. Morgan's favourite in that army was Christian Duke of Brunswick, cousin to the Queen of Bohemia (Elizabeth, daughter of James I), whose knight he professed himself gallantly to be, wearing one of her gloves always in his hat or helmet. He was, moreover, a bon vivant, and allowed his men a latitude in drinking, which had frequently been the cause of a merry evening to the inquisitive Cambrian.

The Duke of Bavaria's General, Count Tilly, he said, shaking his head, he feared would be too much for them all, for he was brave, and "cunning as the tevil;" and his men stood like flint stones in a wall. The various actions he had witnessed, and all the principal generals engaged in the wars upon the Continent, were related and criticised, much to the occasional interest and amusement of his master, by the loquacious Morgan, who

contrived that the account of his solitary journey to Genoa, where he embarked for England, after the death of his late master at Milan, should terminate on their arrival in the metropolis.

The bustle caused in every town through which they passed, in consequence of the King's proclamation for raising troops, to be embarked at Plymouth, for some then unknown destination, aided perhaps by the pictures so artlessly drawn by Morgan, awakened the Colonel's military ardour; but it instantly subsided when, on his arrival in London, he witnessed the unexampled power and influence of the Duke of Buckingham, which, so far from decreasing on the accession of King Charles, seemed, "like an unhappy exhalation drawn up from the earth, not only to cloud the setting, but also the rising sun."

Fortunately he was not at court on the day of Colonel Powell's presentation, who was graciously received both by the King and the young French Princess, his Queen. The court was not like Queen Elizabeth's; but there was an evident alteration and improvement of manners already, when compared with those of the last reign. The King was of a serious turn of mind, and temperate and correct in his habits; consequently, the open buffoonery and licentiousness of King James's court ceasing to be admired, became unfashionable. The Colonel observed with sorrow the difference of opinion which seemed to exist upon the subject of recovering the Palatinate, between the Parliament which had just assembled, and his Majesty, who wished to tread in the steps of his father, and assist a distressed sister and her family to recover their possessions, by prose-

cuting the war which had been commenced, but found himself unable, from the want of supplies.

Personal safety, however, soon called the recluse of Penleon from political speculations. The plague increasing rapidly in London, caused the Parliament to adjourn, and meet subsequently at Oxford, where they entered into high debates, and refused to grant any supply, alleging that “ the treasures of the kingdom were misemployed : that evil councils guided the King’s designs : that his necessities grew by improvidence : that they had need to petition the King for a straight hand and better council to manage his affairs : and that, though a former Parliament did engage the late King in a war, yet (if things were managed by contrary designs, and the treasure misemployed) that Parliament was not bound by another Parliament to be

carried blindfold in designs not guided by second councils.” *

With a heavy heart the Colonel proceeded on his journey home, where his good lady remained an invalid. She had been for a day or two anxiously expecting his arrival, and one evening sat surrounded by her little family : Maurice, the eldest, opposite, and his two sisters, Elizabeth and Sacharissa, on either side of their mother. It was a fine clear summer's eve, and the children had been indulged with an hour after their usual time of going to rest.

The mother had, insensibly, become grave, and was tracing the lineaments of her husband's face in Maurice's juvenile features, when a most unmusical noise proceeded from the porter's, or warder's tower, at the entrance gate.

Dugdale's Short View of the late Troubles,
p. 25,

To her ears, however, it was more welcome than the harper's sweetest strain ; for, looking towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded, she perceived Price (who had her orders, agreeable to ancient custom, to blow the warder's horn as soon as he descried his master's approach), standing upon the top of his tower, and causing a noise which nothing but ocular demonstration would have convinced any one could possibly issue from a *musical* instrument. The children rushed from the apartment, to see and meet their father, forgetful of all forms ; and perhaps had the Colonel been at the gate, instead of three miles' distant in the valley, their mother might have forgotten her dignity. As it was, she had time to recall her agitated spirits, and recollect her bodily weakness. She sat stately at the window as her beloved lord rode through the portal, and across the court ;

but when he was alighting at the inner door, she rose, and walking half across the room, sunk, insensible, into his arms. The Colonel judiciously administered, on her recovery, the soothing balm of mental consolation, which, it was evident, the patient most needed. He told her of the King's affability and moral character ; of the Queen's beauty ; the personal attention which he had received ; and the numerous kind inquiries that had been made, by divers ladies and lords of his Majesty's court, for “ the Elizabethan Miss Owen.”

A languid smile played upon her features ; but it was too evident to her distressed husband, that, during his absence, illness had, notwithstanding her assertions to the contrary, made alarming strides. For three years from that period the Colonel's time was engaged in attending to the education of their

children, which, so far as regarded her daughters, the mother would not confide to any stranger, in spite of the too visible, though gradual, decay of her health and strength. Maurice was then fifteen years of age, well versed in the various arts of hunting and shooting, and the mysteries of hawking and fishing; for all which, and initiation into the accomplishments of wrestling and backsword, he was indebted to the sage remarks and "old saws" of Price, and the practical elucidations of the sturdy Morgan. Of his further acquirements it would be difficult to speak with certainty. His mornings had occasionally been spent in study with the curate; and his mother had some knowledge of Latin, as she once told her husband: but it was not until some time after he, with the bluntness of a soldier, had confessed that he

had forgotten all his tutors had so industriously instilled into his youth.

But the period fixed for his removal to college had arrived; and, the first time of leaving the parental roof, he accompanied his father to St. John's, Cambridge, to commence his acquaintance with strangers and the world, as man always denominates his own little circle in college, camp, city, village, or the court. From Cambridge, agreeable to a request, or rather an intimation, which followed him by letter from Penleon, the Colonel again visited London; and was, as before, graciously received at court. The Duke of Buckingham was then no more; having fallen a sacrifice to the vindictive resentment of a subaltern officer, who served under him in the disastrous expedition to the Isle of Rhee on the French coast, and con-

sidered himself injured, because the Duke refused to give him rank in place of his captain, who was killed in the retreat from that island, when he, Felton, the assassin, was serving as lieutenant.

A circumstance occurred before the Colonel left town which not only afforded him considerable pleasure at the time, but had great effect upon his conduct some years afterward.

Riding one morning along the Strand, he was overtaken and accosted by Major Steele, an old comrade with whom he had formerly served in the Netherlands ; and accompanying him into the city, was introduced to Mr. Shute, a Turkey merchant there, who, in a very significant manner, told the Major that he would be expected in the afternoon at Barking. A heavy load of merchandise passed as they were mounting their horses ; after taking leave, and the

Colonel had the mortification of seeing his friend's horse start and strain his master's left foot, which was just placed in the stirrup, in a most violent manner, before the servant could check him. The merchant, into whose house they returned, seemed much affected by the accident: and, with wonder, the Colonel perceived his old veteran companion, whom he had seen unmoved amid death and danger, agitated almost to tears, when he found himself incapable of walking. "What is to be done?" asked he, in a tone of vexation, of Mr. Shute, who was a plain man in his manners, though extremely nice and particular in his apparel. After some hesitation he expressed great concern for the misfortune on both their accounts. "The hour is fast approaching," he said, and, pausing a moment, glanced his eyes upon the Colonel, and from him to the

Major; then added, hesitatingly, "It is a delicate matter." Major Steele, feeling the painful situation in which this speech would place his brother officer, instantly recovered himself, and said, "Mr. Shute, you may confide implicitly in Colonel Powell, who is, in every sense of the word, a man of honour."

"I confide in no man unnecessarily," replied the merchant bluntly, but with a good-natured smile; "but, if he finds out my secret, then I must trust in his honour." "Powell," said the Major, "will you oblige me by going to this gentleman's house at Barking this afternoon? You will not have reason to regret your compliance." "Make your mind easy, I will go—you may command me on any service which this accident prevents you from attending to yourself," replied the Colonel. Mr. Shute then started from his chair; and,

in a manner utterly inconsistent with his former gravity, ran to the Colonel, who stood at a window, and familiarly taking hold of the points of his lace frill (as modern button-holders now annoy others), and looking up in his face, asked him what sort of a hand he was? The astonishment expressed in the Colonel's face produced a loud fit of laughter from the invalid, who then reminded Mr. Shute that the question required some explanation: but that he would answer for his friend's abilities, of which he had witnessed a display on several occasions in times past. The Colonel was then briefly told that he might be called upon to hazard a game of bowls; and the speaker, as well as Mr. Shute, appeared to enjoy the perplexity into which their singular conduct had thrown him. On taking leave, he was again reminded by the Major that,

however insignificant the affair might appear, yet his compliance was really a matter of importance. The Colonel smiled, and, half inclined to be offended, departed. At the appointed time, however, he rode to Barking, a small village in Essex, inhabited by wealthy merchants of London. With surprise he viewed the neatness and order of their houses and gardens: but Mr. Shute's villa far exceeded any idea that he had formed of a citizen's wealth and taste. A long avenue of trees led to the house, where numerous servants in livery awaited his arrival. Being conducted into a room, he was, in a few minutes, waited upon by a person whom it was impossible to mistake for a domestic, and informed that Mr. Shute, being obliged to attend some guests as far as the bowling-green, had left word that Colonel Powell, on

his arrival, should be invited to join them.

Convinced that a duel was about to take place, and that the gentleman who addressed him, and of whose face he fancied he had some knowledge, was to be a second likewise, the Colonel instantly rose, and requested him to lead the way, which he did in silence through several long green alleys, whose velvet sward appeared recently to have felt the edge of the scythe ; and every object bore marks of an extreme attention, in which calculation of expence had no share. Far different from the rude and magnificent beauty of Penleon, the whole appeared like a fairy-land scene to the Cambrian eye which had so long been familiar with nature in her loveliest and most awful forms. They soon arrived at an open space where four gentlemen were engaged at bowls, and one

was looking on. Mr. Shute, having just played as the Colonel came on the green, cried out, "Here comes the sixth; now for a match;" then turning to the Colonel, he continued, "Thank you, sir, for coming:—these gentlemen are friends of mine. We frequently amuse ourselves in this way after the toils and fatigues of the counting-house;" then, in a whisper, he added, "If you see any thing particular—mum," placing a finger on his mouth. Instantly, without waiting for any reply, he bid an attendant bring some more bowls. The Colonel was mentally ejaculating against his old comrade for sending him upon such a ridiculous service, when a gentleman, who had been intent upon the game, and had just placed his bowl nearest to the jack, turning round, exhibited to his astonished and scarcely credulous eyes the features of his Majesty King Charles,

with an expression of ease and happiness far different from that which they wore on the previous day upon the throne. Mr. Shute perceived the Colonel's change of manner: and, before he could recover, thrust a pair of bowls into his hands, and called out “Come, sir, you are that gentleman's partner, and its your turn now—he and I never are on the same side.” The mystery was now unriddled; but at first the Colonel's agitation prevented him from bowling judiciously: however, confidence returning, he made an able auxiliary to his Majesty, who was compelled to do his best; for the plain honest merchant was no flatterer, and always won if he could. The afternoon passed in that sort of equality and ease which schoolboys enjoy, before a knowledge of the different grades in society awakens them to the feelings of mortification or pride.

At supper, the King was addressed as his Majesty; but declined all ceremony, and shone at the convivial board as the gay and accomplished gentleman; a character which, some historians say, he was more qualified to support than that of a king.

Though Mr. Shute's selection of friends would have borne any scrutiny in the city, they certainly were not distinguished by superior elegance of manners or conversational powers. The consequence was, that Colonel Powell was particularly noticed by his sovereign, who, forgetting the etiquette of courts in the warmth of convivial feeling, shook the old campaigner by the hand at parting. The kind pressure warmed the veteran's heart; and some years after, when the throne was in danger, the remembrance of that moment gave re-

newed strength to the highly honoured, though old and withered hand, to grasp more firmly the sword it had drawn in defence of his King.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the Colonel's arrival at Penleon, a plot of ground near the castle was levelled by Morgan and Price, with able assistants, and covered with the finest turf from the mountain side. The old lady (for old in infirmity she was) was much pleased with the preparations, and would frequently, on a fine afternoon, cause her embroidery or spinning-wheel to be taken under the shade of some ancient trees, that she might be near her lord while he directed the workmen. When the new bowls arrived from Haverfordwest, and her beloved son Maurice came home during the vacation, she saw him and the Colonel play a few games: but, observing that courage, gallantry, learning,

and all mental exertions, were unnecessary to the formation of a good bowler, she shook her head, and, though certainly more in sorrow than in anger, absented herself thenceforth from the new green. Maurice being, like most youths, pleased with a new game, and anxious to improve, practised with Morgan, who boasted that he could play as well as any nobleman or gentleman at Spring Gardens, a place which ranked then first in the practice of that fashionable amusement. The old lady, alarmed at the idea of her son liking low company, deprived herself of his society a week earlier than she intended ; and from that time the bowling-green was neglected : though the evening spent at Barking often formed a topic of conversation for the Colonel, on which occasions his lady was usually a listener ; but once she ventured to observe, that a relish for

such company and amusement was by no means indicative of a great, though it might be of an amiable, character. The Colonel would not, for argument's sake, allow the justice of this remark; but he recollects that the latter, and not the former, was the light in which he had seen his Majesty to so much advantage. Dame Powell, from this period, became gradually more infirm, and seldom moved from an high-backed invalid's chair, which was placed at the side of the large fire-place, in such a position that she commanded a view of the portal, by which every one was compelled to pass; as she had, in consequence of discovering that too many gossiping visitors frequented the servants' hall, caused two back entrances, which had been made by breaking through the old wall into the offices, to be built up. Tranquilly she would sit there the

greater part of each day, with her two daughters, anxiously and earnestly endeavouring to transfer into their breasts the stock of knowledge that she had accumulated ; which, she would frequently repeat, could not accompany her to the silent tomb in which she should shortly be deposited.

Such language from an affectionate and beloved parent brought tears into the eyes of Elizabeth and Sacharissa. The latter would kneel, and, hiding her weeping face upon her mother's knees, beg of her not to talk in such a manner ; while Elizabeth would arise, and with dignity walk to the window, where, if her eyes were moist, no one could see them. If unable to return, as was usually the case, with composure, in a few minutes, she would flee to the privacy of her chamber, and beseech the Sovereign Disposer of events to spare

the parent for the sake of her children. She would then return and take her seat composedly by the arm-chair, without making any remark, conscious and satisfied in having performed a duty. The mother had attentively studied the opposite characters of her two daughters, and trembled to think on the difficulties and misery to which the masculine haughty temper of the one, and the extreme acuteness of feeling in the other, might consign their future years in consequence of her removal.

Without the guide of their youth, where might they not wander! Over-powered by such reflections, she found solace ~~only~~ in the clasped Volume which constantly lay upon her table within reach, a never-failing refuge in her mental distress. The habits of former days are not easily changed; and the good lady anxiously looked for

the newspaper, which every week arrived at Penleon. Naturally of a thinking turn of mind, she had from her youth made history her peculiar study: and personally unengaged, she stood aloof, a calm and calculating spectator of the events which had occurred in her time, and their consequences. With sorrow she observed that King Charles had dissolved his third parliament, and appeared determined to rule by his counsel alone, and neglect all popular representation. Many acts of the government made her sigh; and not a little was she grieved to perceive, that the Colonel appeared as unconcerned as a foreigner at the increasing dissatisfaction of the nation with their rulers: but she did him not justice; for the good man really felt as much as herself, and purposely talked lightly of events from which he dreaded important results, in

order to keep her mind from suffering uneasiness.

Maurice was the frequent subject of their private conversations. The Colonel had long resolved that he should be a soldier: and the mother's judgment overcame her maternal fondness. "It is the path of honour," said she; "it is the path of his father's; therein let him walk; in turbulent times the duty of man is that of a protector; and how soon our dear girls may need their brother's assistance in that character, Heaven only knows." But the Colonel had no intention that his son should become what is termed a feather-bed soldier; and as England was not then at variance with any other power, and consequently he could not be employed actively in the service of his country, it was proposed, that, previous to entering the army, Maurice should spend some

time on the Continent, and see as much of the nature of military operations as possible, without being personally engaged.

The wars in Germany between the House of Austria and the supporters of the King of Bohemia (who was indeed but the shadow of a king), proved a school which had matured already several great generals. Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, had at this period just commenced a career which afterward became so brilliant. With his small army of 15,000 he had checked the triumphant march of Walstein by the defence of Stralsund, and thus declared himself the enemy of the Austrian empire; a power then so great as to smile with contempt on a foe of such apparent insignificance. The haughty and spoiled child of fortune, Walstein, looked upon the Swede as unworthy of

his competition ; and, leaving the Duke of Pomerania to attend to the taking of Stralsund, withdrew into the Duchy of Mecklenburg, where, puffed up with success, he lived like a sovereign prince : and even after Gustavus had placed a garrison in Stralsund, and made himself master of Stettin, Rostock, and the whole of Pomerania, he affirmed, with hauteur, that swords ought not to be drawn against so unequal a foe ; that “ the Kingling (Roitelet) must be whipped out of the kingdom with rods.” Soon, however, was the duchy which he had usurped wrested from his grasp by the hardy Swede, who rapidly advanced into Lower Saxony, and spread terror through the empire.

The celebrated Cardinal Richlieu was then, in the name of Louis XIII, ruler of France ; and, anxious to discover any means of humbling the Austrian

power, had entered into a compact with Gustavus Adolphus, by which France agreed to furnish 1,200,000 francs per annum for the maintenance of his army.

In the Swedish camp were about 6000 Scotch and English troops, said to be furnished by the King of England, in the name of the Marquis Hamilton, who, under so able a master as Gustavus, acquired that military knowledge which, in a considerable degree, rendered the subsequent civil commotions in Britain so desperate and sanguinary.

Colonel Lesley, who afterward commanded the Scotch covenanters, was of this school: and the young Englishmen of fortune who acted as volunteers were very numerous.

Colonel Powell read, with much interest, every account from Germany, anticipating that each post would bring intelligence of an overwhelming force

having annihilated the noble defender of the protestant union and his gallant army. When news arrived in England of the utter destruction of Magdeburg, by the Imperialists under Count Tilley, in which horrid work of extirpation neither age nor sex protected, from the edge of the sword, the unhappy wretches, who had escaped the flames, a general feeling of horror and detestation against the Austrians pervaded the kingdoms of Great Britain.

Gustavus had been the topic of conversation day after day between the Colonel and his lady. They discovered that he was, in some cases, like Henry IV of France, the Duke of Parma, Henry V of England, &c. &c.; but they agreed that, alas! his glories must now fade; for the taking of Magdeburg was a decisive blow; and all their designs for their son Maurice, in that quarter, were consequently abandoned. Soon,

however, was the scene changed. The Swedish army, joined by the forces of the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, and the Landgrave of Hesse, met the Imperialists under Count Tilley in a plain about a mile distant from Leipzig. There was but little manœuvring—all was hard fighting. The English and Scots distinguished themselves by the steadiness of their fire and charges; which the hardy soldiers, who had so long been accustomed to victory under Tilley, dauntlessly faced, and fell—but the dead lay by the side of the living, who scorned to retreat. The carnage was dreadful from day-break to sun-set, when as complete a victory as ever rewarded the warrior's toil-crowned the bravery and talents of the intrepid Gustavus and his devoted followers. Tilley was borne off the field of battle by a regiment of horse, all clad in complete black armour, and commanded by Count Cronenburg. It

had remained unbroken throughout the whole day ; and, when every other part of the field was deserted, or covered with the slain, roved about the plain from regiment to regiment of the Swedish army, attacking each by turns, like a ship of war discharging her broadsides when beset by a numerous flotilla, or a wounded lion springing in desperation upon the hunters. The Colonel's blood glowed within him at the recital—the fire of youth rekindled in his eyes ; and Morgan was instantly dispatched to Cambridge for his young master, who was warmly engaged in political disquisitions and disputes with his brother collegians.

The conduct of the High Commission Court had occasioned great dissatisfaction, and the puritans had commenced sowing the seeds of discontent. Under the pretence of preaching the Gospel, they supported violent declaimers, who

taught the people that the King's, or rather his wicked counsellors', intention was to bring them into a state of vas-salage similar to that of the French peasantry, and to restore popery. For the support of these demagogues, they raised subscriptions, or voluntary contributions; and likewise " purchased im-propriate tythes, constituting feoffees some of the clergy, some lawyers, some citizens (all of the puritan party), under the colour of redeeming the Lord's por-tion out of lay hands"—" by which subtle practices they gained many large sums in order thereto, from sundry well mean-ing people, especially such as lay on their death-beds; who, being thus incited to this seeming glorious work, saw nothing of the main design."—" Some of their party they wrought, by one means or other, to be made heads of houses in the Universities, as in Emanuel College, and

Catherine Hall, Cambridge, and New Inn, and Magdalen Hall, Oxford.” *

The spirit of party ran then very high at St. John’s, and indeed it may be said at every other college. The rising generation of that day were born to singular destinies ; and well indeed might the words of Gray, when speaking of futurity, be applied to them :—

—————“ where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.”

Youths who played at school, who chased the rolling hoop, or clubbed their treasures together to purchase whatever a single purse could not afford ; who, subsequently, as manhood dawned, delighted to “ cleave the glassy wave,” deceive the finny tribe, or, wandering, “ take sweet counsel” together on Cam or Isis’ banks, in all the harmony of un-

* Vide Dugdale’s Troubles, chap. 5.

disguised confidence and pristine purity of heart ; these gay unsuspecting beings were doomed to be torn by " the vultures of the mind ;" and, the victims of party, to meet together opposed in the field of battle ; to recognize a school-fellow by his dying groan, or a wounded college chum by his agonizing appeal for a glass of water for old acquaintance sake.

Maurice was so well grounded in respect for his Sovereign, from the lessons which he had received at home, that he never, for a moment, was suspected of change ; and he established his principles by forming an intimacy with a young man of the name of Lake, a native of Halifax, in Yorkshire, who was destined to make a conspicuous figure among the pure in heart ; for, passing through successive trials and temptations of every description, he attained to a good old age,

and left behind him an unsullied and unimpeachable reputation. He had taken the degree of bachelor of arts when Parliament made St. John's College a prison for the royalists. Having effected his escape, he joined the King's army at Oxford, accepted a commission, and was, for four years, among the bravest of the brave, in some of the severest service ; particularly at the defence of Basing House and Wallingford. When his presence in the field could no longer benefit his Sovereign or fellow-subjects, he took orders ; and before the Restoration became, not without much opposition, vicar of Leeds. After King Charles II's return he was appointed rector of St. Botolph's, London; and successively bishop of Sodor and Man, Bristol, and Chichester; in which latter title having taken the oaths of allegiance to King James II, he refused to repeat them to King

William at the revolution, and consequently retired from his bishopric. He was one of the seven bishops committed by King James to the Tower in 1688. He died in London, in the 66th year of his age, and lies buried in St. Botolph's church.

This brief sketch of the conduct of a well known, upright, and exalted character, is given as a corroborating evidence of the universal influence and operation of party spirit, which for many years overran the whole kingdom, pervading all ranks of society: the pulpit, the cloister, the bar, the compting houses, shops, and fields, were alike infected.

Maurice took an affectionate leave of his college acquaintance, and, accompanied by Morgan, arrived at Penlcon, where he found his parents busily occupied in preparing for his departure. The Colonel had the heartfelt satisfaction, in

which perhaps only a veteran may be allowed to indulge, of finding that his son, his only son, like the war horse described in the book of Job, "snuffed the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." Rees Price, Morgan, and every individual of the household, were engaged in active preparations of some description for the intended journey. The fond mother and her daughters toiled at their needle; and the father's time was fully occupied with verbal instructions for his son's conduct, and in writing to various friends for letters of introduction to persons of rank or importance. With all their united efforts, however, a month had elapsed before they could fit out the young voyager and his humble friend. At the expiration of that time, accounts from Germany arrived that the great Gustavus, while they had been thus engaged, had advanced

from the Elbe to the Rhine ; while cities, towns, and fortresses, appeared to fall before him, as if by magic : and surely no conqueror might with more propriety have adopted the “ *veni, vidi, vici*,” of Cæsar. The mortification which the Colonel experienced at his son’s absence from such scenes of triumph as Germany then presented, was considerably alleviated by the receipt of a letter for Maurice, in the hand-writing of King Charles himself, addressed to his Swedish Majesty.

To whose interposition he owed such an extraordinary act of condescension was never exactly known ; but he always attributed it to the merchant with whom he spent an evening at Barking. At length the hour of parting arrived. Major Steele wrote word that he waited for his young friend in London, having completed his own arrangements for some

days, and, feeling particularly anxious to arrive in Germany before the armies went into winter quarters, requested that no more time might be lost.

Maurice's heart beat at the summons—he had daily and hourly watched with impatience the tedious preparations making for his journey ; but, appreciating affectionately the kindness and care of his mother and sisters, had uttered no complaint, though he could not but imagine that half of their intended equipments would more than amply suffice for one who was not merely willing, but purposed voluntarily to learn from experience what hardships and privations meant. It was in the beginning of November—the morning was dull and dark ; and the winds of approaching winter, howling in gusts, bore the leaves triumphantly from the high trees near the castle, playfully whirling them in small

heaps about the court-yard, as trophies of conquest over departed summer. A sad and silent breakfast was no sooner over in the large front parlour, than four horses were heard approaching the hall door from the stables.

Maurice was seated between his two sisters, with a hand locked in those of each: they turned pale at the sound; and when the trampling ceased at the door, Sacharissa threw herself upon his neck, and wept bitterly. The mother, seated in her arm-chair by the fire, turned her head aside; and Elizabeth rushed out of the apartment. The Colonel rose; and, taking Sacharissa by the hand, represented to her the impropriety of giving way to inordinate grief on such an occasion as the present; that her brother was not likely to be exposed to danger, and would shortly return—in a few weeks perhaps; or, if not then, certainly in a

few months. The poor girl returned to her seat, and concealed a weeping countenance in her handkerchief.

Maurice embraced his mother, and received her blessing on his knees. When he was retiring she made an effort to rise, which the Colonel perceiving, advanced, and offered his assistance. She rose with difficulty ; and first looking affectionately grateful toward her beloved husband, supported herself upon his arm, and thus addressed the youthful traveller, who listened to each word as though uttered by an oracle : “ Maurice, my son —our only son—go forth into the world, and think not of a mother’s momentary weakness when the paths of honour open to thy view—pursue them. Remember that thou art the representative of two families—your father, and his fathers before him—my ancestors—*some* of them high in rank—but *all*, *all* achieved a

valiant or preserved a spotless fame. Cherish the recollection ; and when, far away from us, thou art left to the guidance of thine own inexperience, act as thine ancestors would have done under similar circumstances. So ‘ thy father and thy mother shall be glad, and she that bare thee shall rejoice.’”* Waving her hand, she again repeated the word farewell, and sunk into her chair. The Colonel motioned his son to withdraw ; and the signal was reluctantly obeyed by the young military cadet, who was encountered in the hall by Elizabeth. She had overcome her tears, and forced a gleam of pleasure into sparkling eyes, which, in spite of the smile on her countenance, and elasticity of her step, told of weakness which she was determined to hide. Advancing playfully up to her brother, “ What,” said she, “ shall a gallant knight

* Proverbs xxiii. 25.

go forth to win his spurs, and take with him no love token?—Kneel,” she continued, holding out a gold chain and locket. Maurice obeyed in silence; and she passed the former round his hat, securing the appendage, which contained a lock of her own hair, in the gold loop and amethyst button which fastened up the front, speaking at the same time—“ It is the gift of one who loves you, and acknowledges her love—and when you return I shall expect to see it in the same situation, unless, perchance, your heart should be disposed of to a fairer dame—then, this may as well be gone likewise, and Elizabeth will seek another knight.” Here the parlour door opened, and the Colonel came out, drawing on his long gauntlet-like buff leather embroidered gloves; in which article of dress gentlemen were in those days particularly curious. “ Farewell, farewell

—dear brother,” was all Elizabeth could utter as she leaned over him, and kissed his cheek: rebellious tears sprang up, and one fell on her brother’s shoulder; but before a second could follow, she had passed the door through which her father entered, and the two travellers were left alone.

They mounted their horses, and rode through the court-yard in silence; but the noise of an opening window catching his ear, Maurice turned as they were entering the gateway, and saw Elizabeth’s arm waving a white handkerchief. The instructions of a father, when parting from a beloved son, however well meant, and really valuable, would very probably be wearisome to the reader: indeed it is much to be feared that they frequently appear so to the persons for whose benefit they are more particularly intended. Under this impression, we forbear to

relate what passed on the road between Penleon and Gloucester, where the travellers parted; the Colonel and Rees Price to return home; while Maurice, accompanied by Morgan, pursued the road to London, where they arrived in due course, and found Major Steele impatient of any further delay.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON Maurice's arrival in London, the King was at Theobalds : and consequently his hopes of presentation at court, en passant, were frustrated. Their party embarked at Harwich, for Ostend, a place that the young adventurer beheld with much interest, arising from the recollection of various anecdotes with which the winter evenings of his childhood had been enlivened by his father, who was for many months in the town during the celebrated siege by the Spaniards in 1604, which lasted three years and three months, and was computed to have cost the lives of sixty thousand of the assailants. All objects, however, are interesting to the young traveller, whose eye is never tired of seeing, nor his ear of hear-

ing. They arrived at the head quarters of the Swedish army, on the banks of the Rhine, soon after the taking of Prague by the Elector of Saxony, who had, as Lieutenant-Colonel to Gustavus, invaded Bohemia. Maurice had the honour of delivering his letter personally to, and being received graciously by, the hero of the day, who avoided, as much as possible, all ceremonious loss of time; and thereby, as well as in superiority of talent, formed a striking contrast to contemporary sovereigns, a remarkable instance of which took place some time afterward, when he advanced further in his glorious career.

He proposed a personal interview with Louis XIII, for the purpose of conferring together upon the affairs of Germany: but the dignity of the French monarchy was too great to stoop to such a condescension towards a power of inferior rank,

as Sweden was reckoned. Such was the plea : but, in fact, the French ministers, and even Louis himself, felt that, inasmuch as he had an impediment in his speech; and was very ill informed upon most subjects, he would not appear to advantage before a monarch like Gustavus, in whose person the rare qualities of a great mind were joined to the knowledge of various languages, which he spoke with fluency and grace ; and who had long been in the daily habit of transacting the most important diplomatic and military business. Affecting to treat Gustavus as an ally in the pay of France, a reply was sent, that, if he would appoint any place nearer Lorraine (where their court then was), Cardinal Richelieu would meet him there. He coolly answered that, in such a case, he would appoint one of his servants to hear what the Cardinal had got to say. The

offended and haughty prelate instructed the French minister at the Swedish court, to represent the dissatisfaction which Louis XIII felt at his apparent want of attention to the interests of the Catholics in Germany: and insinuated that he should feel himself called upon to take up arms in defence of his religion. "Ah!" replied Gustavus, briskly, "if that be the case, and your master is inclined to fight instead of confer with me, I shall be very ready to save him half the distance." Richelieu was too keen a politician to take umbrage; and his pride, for once, succumbed before the intrepid Swede. It was a singular coincidence that the then three reigning Kings of England, France, and Spain, should have been guided by favourites under whom they acted but as puppets. Charles had been deprived of his director, the Duke of Buckingham, as we have seen before,

by the hand of an assassin : but Cardinal Richlieu, and Gaspard de Guzman, Duke of Olivarez, yet held in leading-strings the imbecile Louis and the youthful Philip:

Major Steele, on their arrival, found himself surrounded by old acquaintances who held commissions in the Swedish army. The Scotch officers were very numerous ; but the troops of their nation were much reduced in strength, since, though in the heat of every engagement, they could not receive adequate reinforcements from Scotland : while the Swedish regiments were filled up either by recruits from home, or from among the German protestants. The number of English volunteers and lookers on was very great ; and Maurice, following the Major's example, and acting as he conceived his ancestors would have done, soon became

one of the former, in which capacity his first service was at the passage of the Rhine, which Gustavus effected in the night about three miles from Oppenheim, which town surrendered at day-break, and the fort and castle were the next day taken by storm from the Spaniards. Leaving our young cadet to pursue his military studies in a school where practical elucidations of every axiom in the art of warfare daily offered themselves for the advantage of inexperience, the progress of our tale leads us back into Pembrokeshire.

The serenity and regularity of all at Penleon were uninterrupted during the winter, with the exception of that uneasiness which the heads of the family experienced at the evidences of increasing dissatisfaction in the people toward the government, both in church and state. Obsolete laws were revived, and strange

projects agitated, by the Council-Table and Star-Chamber courts, in order to raise money, which was rigorously exacted. Every gentleman possessed of twenty pounds per annum was obliged to compound for not being knighted, by an act of King Edward II, intituled “ *Statutum de Militibus.* ” Old forest laws were revived, and proceedings instituted in the most vexatious manner, against persons who were possessed of lands, or who had built houses on or near the alleged ancient boundaries which were said to be infringed : and though the injury, if any, could not have been done by the then possessors, yet, knowing the court with whom they had to deal, men rather chose to compound for their estates, and, as it were, repurchase them, than run the risk of total ruin by litigation. Lord Clarendon writes that many more “ no less unjust projects of all kinds—

many ridiculous, many scandalous, all very grievous, were set on foot, the envy and reproach of which came to the King, and the profit to other men."

The collection of ship money, as it was afterwards one of the principal causes of open rebellion, is the only one of which the origin merits notice. A writ was addressed to the sheriff of each county in England "to provide a ship of war for the King's service, and send it, amply provided and fitted, by such a day to such a place;*" and with the writ were sent instructions to each sheriff that, "instead of sending a ship, he should levy such a sum of money on his county, and return the same to the Treasurer of the Navy, for his Majesty's use."* Instructions were added how to proceed against defaulters. This was the cause

* Clarendon.

of the imposition being called ship money; against the payment of twenty or thirty shillings towards which Mr. Hampden demurred, and acquired vast popularity though he lost his cause, which was argued publicly before all the judges in the Exchequer Chamber.

Archbishop Laud, whom the Duke of Buckingham had constituted sole dispenser of church preferments, was likewise a privy counsellor. He was, subsequently, made one of the commissioners of the Treasury ; and his most intimate friend, Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, who, only two years before, had been private chaplain to the King, was, to the astonishment of all men, made Lord Treasurer. This union of ecclesiastical and secular power was looked upon with jealousy by all who conceived themselves possessed of any claim to the latter ; and by the people,—who had already been

wrought upon by the puritans, and suspected Laud of an inclination toward popery,—with fear and indignation.

The gloom which these occurrences naturally caused in the minds of parents, whose children had arrived at an age when they must shortly be launched to the guidance of their own inexperience upon a world assuming such a stormy appearance, was much increased by the rapid decay of the mother's remaining strength. Her daughters watched alternately, night after night, by her bedside, hourly expecting the arrival of that moment which separates time and immortality. The angel of death came—but his icy hand grasped the young, and fair, and innocent Sacharissa, whose fatigue of body and mind produced a fever of only three days' continuance. The fond mother, while the taper of life was glimmering, inquired for her youngest

daughter—all evasions were exhausted—the truth broke in upon her mind. “Elizabeth,” she said feebly, “where is your father?” The Colonel was sitting by the side of her bed, gazing in melancholy reminiscence on the venerated ruin of that countenance which had been as the soul of his joy—the delight of his dwelling in the day of gladness, and as a lamp unto his footsteps in the hour of difficulty. Her eyes were, at the moment, upon Elizabeth, who instinctively looked up at her father; and the invalid, thus directed, saw the anxious, dejected, and woe-worn expression of countenance which her fond husband had hitherto concealed from her, in a sympathising, but chastened sorrow, and an assumed smile of hope, and even confidence, of her recovery. He endeavoured to recall that cheering smile; but the unbelieving gaze of the beloved sufferer struck him to the

heart. The pious fraud was discovered. Her feeble hand was stretched towards his, which she grasped with a fervour hardly consistent with her weakness. "The veil," said she, in a deep and hollow tone, "is falling from my eyes—truth, truth I require—judge not of the mind by the infirmity of the body. Is she gone?" Elizabeth bent her dark eyes upon her father with a wildness which not only appeared to supplicate him not to speak, but almost to threaten him if he did. Too much agitated to reply, he remained silent. "I learn the truth from your hesitation," continued the invalid; and all was mute while she lay, apparently engaged in mental prayer; the eyes of the two mourners dejected and fixed upon hers, which were closed, while her lips, quivering, addressed not mortal ears. In a few minutes, the motion ceased, and she spake aloud: "My

beloved husband, we shall—we must soon meet again. Elizabeth, remember that, if it be permitted to emancipated spirits, I shall be present to watch the motions of those I love. It is a hope which now cheers me. What liberty or influence my soul may have hereafter, I know not yet: but, impelled by hope, nay, more than hope, by a calm confidence, I resign myself into the arms of him who bled for me, for the purposes of my soul's creation. ‘ We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burthened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.’ * *

In vain the expecting ears of the mourners listened: the silence remained unbroken; for, alas! it was the everlasting silence of death. The mother's soul, which had just spoken on earth by those

lips through which no sound was thenceforth to pass, had taken its flight to join her Sacharissa, “ the youngest daughter of the skies.” The being that was and is not—the fondly, dearly beloved one, about to be thrust hence and put away for ever in the dreary tomb—she to whom all eyes were turned—on whom all waited—the place that knew her once, shall know her no more. But the precincts of grief, and the day of desolation, are sacred. Those of the Colonel and his daughter were not of a nature to admit of common-place consolation. The former “ bore his loss, but felt it as a man :” while the latter, untutored in the school of adversity, bitterly lamented her orphan and friendless condition. The cessation of her first paroxysms left her faculties benumbed into a feeling that all was a dream. As she moved about the lonely mansion, she expected, at every

turn, to meet her sister, and fancied that her mother yet sat in the arm-chair. Then, shuddering as she gazed, at twilight, upon the empty seat, "Yes," she would exclaim, remembering the death-bed scene, "even now she may be there, invisible to mortal eyes :" and, throwing herself into a supplicating posture before the accustomed seat of the departed, would wildly intreat a blessing from the blessed.

" Come what come may,
Time and the hour run through the blackest day ;"
says the immortal Shakespeare.

The funeral procession was marshalled from the castle to the little white church before mentioned. It was a fine summer day. The valley below the park was clad in all the luxuriance of nature's bounty : and the ample foliage of the trees appeared to wave, rustling high in air; in triumphant mockery over the

fallen hopes and departed joys of their possessor. It is the custom in Wales to plant flowers and shrubs upon the surface of each grave ; and the entrance to the family vault of the Powells was encircled by an iron railing, enclosing, in a belt of evergreens, a parterre, suitable to the rank which those who slept below had sustained while living, among their fellow victims to the mighty conqueror, who now,

“ Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,”
reposed in the equality of the tomb :
“ The small and great are there ; and
the servant is free from his master.”*

Whatever the purity, the goodness, the greatness, or value, of individual mortality, yet

“ Dust to dust concludes her noblest song.”†
This truth, so well expressed by a poet and divine afterward, was as the

* Job iii. 19.

† Young.

driven steel forcibly struck to the Colonel's bleeding heart, when, with glazed and fixed eyes, he, unconscious of all around him, beheld the decorated insignia of the departed glide into that darkness and oblivion where the eye cannot, and the mind dare not, follow.

The arm-chair was removed from its station by the fire-side, and the desolate chamber of her widowed father was cleared, by the careful Elizabeth, of every relic which might give him unnecessary pain by recalling the image of the dear departed. Not such were her own arrangements. The second pillow remained upon her bed, and, where Sacharissa used to repose, was wet with her midnight tears. There is something so impressive in the communications of a departing spirit, that it is not surprising Elizabeth, who always looked up to her mother as a being of superior order,

should attach unusual importance to her last words. They were the utterance of a being which died not when the body was overcome by disease ; a being which was wandering she knew not where ; and, if it possessed volition, might be at her bed-side, and certainly was frequently hovering near her. In the dead of night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, she would muse upon her pillow, and, in thrilling expectation, pray and hope that a shadow might "pass before her eyes," and that she might be indulged by a blessed communion with the dead. By day, she cherished the reveries of a wild, romantic, and ungovernable imagination : the fleecy clouds hurried across the clear blue firmament—the viewless winds of heaven—the updarting beam which the sun throws, as a promise of his re-appearance, when sinking below the horizon, might form the present aerial lo-

cality of that immortal existence, which, when encumbered by mortality, had been to her “as a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day.” Without female society, and heedless of domestic concerns, which were managed by an old housekeeper, whom her mother had advanced to that post in the last years of her life, Elizabeth followed the impulses of a daring mind and ardent fancy. She had attained her eighteenth year, and possessed a masculine strength of constitution, which was increased by the nature of her favourite exercises and amusements. Her elegant form was somewhat above the middle stature. An oval countenance, coal-black hair and eyes, and her mother’s aquiline nose, must have gained her the title of beautiful from every one, had it not been for lips, which, though finely formed, pouted, with that haughty curl fre-

quently observable in the other sex, and which, added to a corresponding expression of the nostril, indicated the hardness and *hauteur* of a spirit scarcely feminine.

The habit of acting as the protector and guide of a sister who formed a perfect contrast with herself, and was timid as the young dove, might have tended, in some degree, to increase the vigour of Elizabeth's character. Observing the torpid state of melancholy into which her father appeared sinking, she exerted herself to induce him to share in the sports of the field ; and, when she could not prevail, would gaily bid him good morning ; and sometimes alone, or with one attendant, ride forth with hawk and hound, hoping that he would follow : but if disappointed in the expectation, though she would return with a heavy heart, gaiety and vivacity would illumine her

glowing countenance, as she rallied him for the want of gallantry in not accepting a lady's challenge. The Colonel would smile, but it was a painful effort, as he handed her from her palfrey at the door; and squeezing her hand, when leading her into the castle, fervently articulate, "Bless thee, my daughter;" and turning towards the parlour-door, would find that his charge had escaped, and was on the other side of the hall going to her toilet, as she recovered sufficiently to tell him when half-way up the first flight of stairs. The daughter's affectionate perseverance in her endeavours did certainly effect much for the alleviation of her father's grief; and the letters which reached them from Germany were gratifying to his feelings. The interest which both took in what occurred there was, in consequence of Maurice's presence at the seat of war,

excessive: and often in the glow of ardent enthusiasm would Elizabeth exclaim, "Oh, that I were a man!" But these excitations were not frequent; and after the lapse of two years, spent in solitude with her father, without a single female friend, she longed for some change, with an indefinite confidence that any must be better than the monotony of the winter, which was rapidly advancing, and her brother yet procrastinating his return.

One morning, having sent her attendant back with some greyhounds, which she had brought with the hope of enticing her father from home, she was riding alone, and indulging in a visionary reverie, when, turning the angle of a mass of rocks which projected from the side of the mountain into the valley, like a pier upon the sea, her ears were saluted suddenly by the cry of hounds

and horsemen, within a short distance, coming towards her. She checked her horse, which stood, pawing the ground, as they approached; and, following the impulse of the moment, as the burst was towards Penleon, joined in the chase. One of those beautiful rapid small rivers which give animation to romantic scenery rolled along the valley from whence the range of mountain land, on which Penleon stood, gradually rose peering northward amid the clouds. Its course led within half a mile of her home; and Elizabeth calculated that the cheering sound might attract her father, and perhaps draw him to join in the chase, particularly as from his vantage ground he could command the plain, and would probably distinguish her hat and feather among the hunters, who were not numerous.

An unexpected turn, however, led

them to cross the river, over an old bridge, where she, endeavouring injudiciously to check her horse and return back, was exposed to considerable danger. There was no parapet on the edifice, which was erected over a fall of the river, so that, on the lower side, a precipice of twenty feet presented itself. The lane leading to the spot ran, for some distance, parallel with the stream, and formed an elbow round a spreading beech-tree, about twenty yards from the bridge. Two horsemen, who had seen Elizabeth turn the corner without checking her steed, were urging their own forward to overtake the amazon; and, taking the corner short, stooped low to pass under the boughs of the tree, so that they were close to Elizabeth, who was in the middle of the bridge, in the act of reining her steed round, when they first perceived her. To stop in time

was impossible ; and it was equally impracticable for the two horsemen to pass while Elizabeth remained on the bridge. She saw the danger, and in an instant one of them was at her side : his left seized her bridle-hand and rein, and she was hurried beyond the narrow pass just in time for the stranger and his horse to be borne down by his companion, upon the open turf which skirted the lower side of the river. The instant she was out of danger he had released Elizabeth's steed ; which, consequently, not being in contact, felt little of the concussion. With admirable presence of mind, she alighted to the assistance of her deliverer, who lay extended on the ground. He was clad in a light buff embroidered half-dress military doublet and high-crowned hat, looped up in front with gold and black chequered lace and topaz button. He seemed between forty and

fifty years of age; and his square athletic figure, which appeared larger stretched upon the ground, caused his fair protégé to wonder less at the almost miraculous manner in which she was snatched away, as it were, and borne from impending destruction. She raised his head, and had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes. The instant he perceived his situation, he arose, and, with a smile, was about to thank his fair attendant, and assure her that he was not hurt, when he reeled and fell into the arms of the other horseman; he essayed to speak, but in vain, for some minutes, though a smile was upon his lips, as he looked upon the almost agonized expression of Elizabeth's countenance. At length, recovering breath, he requested her to be perfectly easy on his account. "Sir," said Elizabeth, "I wish to believe you unhurt, but I cannot; I would thank

you, but neither of us is in a fit state at this moment to give or receive thanks. My father is an old soldier; and your dress and presence of mind, to which I perhaps owe my life, proclaim you to be a military man. Convince me that your gallantry is not merely a momentary impulse—escort a bewildered maid to her father's house, and receive the thanks of a brother officer. Come, Sir, to horse." Thus saying, without assistance, she leaped upon her own. The stranger, habituated to obey the fair, hesitated not, though unable to mount with the alacrity of his companion. The other horseman, not being included in the invitation, said that he should ride forward and account for his companion's absence, to prevent uneasiness among their friends. Elizabeth feared that she had done wrong in not requesting his company. He perceived her embarrass-

ment, and, guessing the cause, relieved her mind by a profound and respectful inclination of the body; and galloped after the hounds, though he would have forsworn the chase, fond as he was of it, for a week at least, to have accompanied her and her new acquaintance, who recrossed the bridge somewhat more at leisure, and steadily reached the towers of Penleon.

CHAPTER IX.

REES PRICE, who was now somewhat advanced in years, saw them approaching, and stood at the gates open mouthed, and cap in hand, making his obeisance with a look of stupid astonishment ; for so long a time had elapsed since any stranger had visited the castle, that he could hardly believe his eyes. The Colonel had walked out into the park ; and, after Elizabeth had prevailed on her visitor to take some refreshment, she dispatched a servant for Rees Price, whom she instructed to get the armoury in order, thinking that its contents might interest her guest. "Please you, Miss, 'twas always in orders, and fit for t' King hisself to peholt," replied Rees, bowing, and casting a proud side glance at the

stranger, who smiled, and begged that he might be allowed to pass a short time there, till the Colonel's return. Attention to family matters was not then so unfashionable as at the present time; and Elizabeth excused herself for a short absence on that pretence, but, in reality, to send off a messenger for medical aid, as she evidently saw emotions of pain, which her guest would fain persuade her did not exist. Price led the way, pompously walking sideways, like a crab, with his hat extended at arm's length in his right hand, while the other was employed, rising and falling alternately, in pointing, with the stiffness of a pump-handle, toward their line of march. The fact was, that he had latterly been somewhat more negligent in his duty than during the life-time of his late mistress; and had he been called upon to exhibit the armoury a week earlier, would have un-

dertaken the task with very different feelings. Happily for him, that period had been spent in preparing against the effects of winter ; and on the stranger's arrival he had not quitted his post more than half an hour, having deposited several large blocks of wood upon the old brazen-faced dogs that stood grinning on each side, as though issuing from the flames.

We are jealous of praise in cases where we are conscious it is but seldom merited ; and Rees Price now prided himself in the good order with which every thing was arranged, and *always* kept. He threw open the door with a smile of self-approbation, and followed the stranger, who walked leisurely round the lofty apartment, the floor of which was strewed with rushes ; and near the fire lay some pieces of armour, by a stool, which was Price's seat of office. “ You have a col-

lection here which I should not have expected to see, considering the lonely situation of this castle, and its distance from the metropolis—and the arrangement is particularly correct," said the visitor, smiling. "The condition of each piece likewise does you credit, armourer. Chain mail is not to be seen every day—where might this hauberk come from?" pointing to one which hung directly under an iron skull-cap, such as were worn by Queen Elizabeth's pikemen, and were not then quite out of use (somewhat like a modern jockey-cap, with a much larger brim). Rees knew nothing of the matter; but his pride was considerably hurt by the insinuation that armour should "come from" *any place* to Penleon; and he answered, "Look you, Sir, indeed to goodness, 'twas come from no where, you see—pecuse the Powells of Penleon was live here time out of all

recollections, and long before—pless you —hur shall fetch te peticree.” The stranger, who had, like most strangers who have visited the principality, seen divers pedigrees exhibited, to the much greater satisfaction of the owner than the persons thereby favoured, shrank with horror at the idea of inspecting it; and, knowing something of mankind, eluded Price’s zeal for the family honour of his master, by changing the topic for one which is commonly acceptable to all—that of personal flattery, if judiciously administered; and he was peculiarly happy in his allusions. “ You misunderstand me,” said he; “ of course I could not for an instant suppose that this piece of armour did not appertain to one of the family which has for so many centuries inhabited these towers. I asked the name of the place where it was made—and, experienced as you must be in all that con-

cerns armour, from what I behold of the great care and judgment with which every thing is kept in order, you must be aware that England has never been so celebrated for armour as Italy or Germany." "And Pafaria!" yelled Price, literally jumping from the ground, and placing his arms, as the action is called, a-kimbo. "Cot pless your honour, hur has peen there, and at Munich, and has seen t' Crand Tuke's maccasine—you was right—Oh! to look at t' plas—indeed it was pewtiful." "I have likewise been there," said the stranger, "and admire your taste." A conversation ensued, of which we will spare the reader a recital. Much was said of the proper mode of cleaning arms, and eradicating spots of rust. Price explained his methods, learned of the old man at Milan, who was instructed by the other old man, and various arcana which he had never in-

tended to unfold to any one ; such as the composition of quicklime, and the length of time that it should be suffered to adhere ; his preparations of emery, crocus, and oil : and with much pride he exhibited a breast-plate, bow and drill of his own manufacture, for clearing old and making fresh holes for rivets—his burnishing irons, &c. &c. It is true that he claimed the merit of several inventions which were in use long before even the celebrated family of the Rhyses were known : but he was not the first genius whom the ancients have unkindly fore-stalled, and deprived of the honours due to their perseverance and industry. The stranger was pleased, because, independent of the amusement afforded by Price's originality, he learned something, though a veteran ; as indeed a man who has a thirst for knowledge usually may in every society. Their conference lasted until

the Colonel and Elizabeth joined them : the latter introduced the gentlemen to each other with an air of pleasure which might have turned the head of a younger man than Major Bagot, the name by which he announced himself to the Colonel. She was indeed overjoyed at an opportunity of rousing her father from his usual lethargic habits, to exercise the sacred duties of hospitality towards one who had so deeply obliged both. As soon as the compliments required upon such an occasion were concluded, the medical attendant was announced. He ordered Major Bagot to avoid strong exercise for a few days, as he was much shaken inwardly, and bruised by the fall. His patient politely acquiesced ; and, his inclination strongly urging him thereunto, for reasons which will appear, accepted Colonel Powell's invitation to remain that day at Penleon. The doctor,

who resided at Haverfordwest, was invited to dinner ; and the happy daughter did the honours of the banquet with a natural grace, heightened by her unchecked expressions of delight, which made two of her companions gaze enraptured upon her, and then sigh at the recollection of past times ; and the doctor, whose rib was yet living, felt half inclined to believe that it was possible for a married man to be satisfied with his lot.

In the afternoon Major Bagot informed the Colonel that, like him, he was a widower, and had some estates in Warwickshire, in the right of his departed wife, which were let upon leases that would not expire for some years. "Perhaps," he continued, "you may think such an arrangement imprudent : but about five years since I placed my only daughter, then ten years of age, under

the care of a relative of her mother's ; and, like many of our profession, disgusted with the state of things at home, went abroad, where I remained till wounded at the passage of the River Lech, and in consequence returned home. Shortly afterward my wife's relation died ; and, instead of following the continental wars, I determined to settle in London, and personally superintend the welfare of my child. My principal reasons for choosing that place of residence were, the facility of obtaining every species of instruction, and a numerous acquaintance, at whose houses and parties we were always welcome and invited. In the present state of things I cannot remain in London, unless I choose to defy this last arbitrary edict from the Star-Chamber, which peremptorily commands every gentleman of landed property to leave the metropolis, and reside upon his estate, which,

in my case, is impossible: and as for appealing against the power or conduct of such a court—victory or defeat would be equally destructive not only to me, but likewise to my orphan daughter. Perhaps there are other grievances in our existing government which induce me to retire without a struggle. I have now for some weeks been wandering from place to place, in search of a residence to my fancy."

"It is long," replied Colonel Powell, "since I was a dweller among the busy haunts of men. Blessed in this retirement with the society of a beloved wife, and dutiful and affectionate children, my years rolled away like a long-continued dream of bliss; from which, alas, I awoke to a sad conviction of the fleeting nature of all sublunary joys."

He then related the particulars of his family affliction, and present situation.

In several respects, there appeared to be a similarity in the lives of the two veterans: but a marked difference was evident in their characters. The Colonel had acquired a love of ease and personal gratification in the early part of his life, which had never entirely forsaken him; and which the affectionate solicitude of his wife and daughter had, latterly, tended much to increase. Slender and active in his person, which was of the middle height, he had always been more noticed for the elegance and suavity of his demeanour and excellent private character, than for the display of any extraordinary abilities.

The Major was one of those persons who, in youth and early manhood, endure the buffets of fortune; and, like iron under the hammer of the smith, his mind had become more compact, firm, and strong, from her blows. Accustomed to

rely, from necessity, on himself, he had contracted a habit of thinking independently, and expressing himself with energy. Opposition of any description was welcome, because it enabled him to exert his acquired pertinacity of opinion: and, had not parental affection checked him, he would have gloried in singly combatting the order in council which had expelled him from London, and dauntlessly have exposed himself to the vengeance of the Star-Chamber court, with the same glee that a well-bred dog seeks the badger, which has scared all his mongrel brethren of the village, and drags him, triumphantly, from his hole. Opposite qualifications, however, as we may daily observe, form no barrier to the formation of a close intimacy. An admiration of talents or accomplishments in one, of which the other knows himself to be deficient, and the con-

sciousness of each that he likewise possessed advantages of a peculiar description, are causes, perhaps, alone sufficient to account for Major Bagot's receiving and accepting a pressing invitation to prolong his stay, for a few days, at Penleon. There was, however, one of a more important nature that occupied the visitor's mind. Elizabeth appeared to him precisely the sort of character with which his Emma ought to be associated: and hearing that a small estate, about a mile from Penleon, was for sale, he consulted the Colonel:—they rode over it—the house was small, but it might be enlarged—some of the land lay on a steep declivity of the mountain—but it was not his intention to commence farming. The purchase was concluded; workmen were engaged; and the happy father departed from the mansion of hospitality to fetch his Emma,

who was visiting a friend of her mother's at Gloucester. During his absence, scarcely a day passed in which Elizabeth and her father did not visit Llandewy farmhouse, to look after the workmen, or attend to the arrangement of the little garden, that their new neighbours might enjoy its winter produce. Rees Price, moreover, offered his assistance in that department, inasmuch as that it was many years since he had seen so proper a man as the Major, always excepting his master and a certain itinerant merchant, who had, in the course of a long winter's evening, during which he found shelter and good cheer in the warden's tower, convinced Rees that he was likewise an *ap Rhys*, and promised to send him the complete pedigree of that ancient house on his arrival in London, where he represented himself as being on an intimate footing with Rouge

Dragon and Portcullis, pursuivants, and the Richmond herald. He acknowledged that he must be at some expense : but, between relations, such as they undoubtedly were, he begged it might not be thought of. Unfortunately for Rees, they arrived at this stage of the conversation after taking copious libations of cwrw, well impregnated with brandy and spices, agreeable to a recipe which he had learned in Germany. If, when sober, a man believes himself to be the descendant of kings, it is not wonderful that he should consider himself their equal when drunk. The magnanimous spirit of the Rhyses rose within the bosom of their descendant, who, scorning to be under an obligation, drew out a purse, from which he took a golden angel* of Queen Elizabeth's, and cavalierly tossed it upon the table,

* Value then about fourteen shillings : issued at ten.

asking if that would be sufficient? "No doubt of it," was the reply ; "or, if not, you can give me the difference when I come here again." The piece had scarcely found its way into the stranger's pocket, when Peggy, who had been assisting the servants in the castle, came in, and took her seat opposite Price, who whistled, and looked earnestly in the fire, as the recollection that he had a partner in his riches suddenly thrust itself upon him. He could not, however, find courage to tell her until the jolly gay pedlar had taken himself off next morning, leaving a pair of elegant scarlet and white garters for his fair hostess, who, notwithstanding the compliment, could not help calling her lord and master a fool for giving his money to a stranger, who was, she said, "No more an ap Rhys than hur olt market keffel." This was stoutly contradicted by Rees, who af-

firmed that he had the family features and appearance, both of which he knew too well to be mistaken in. The fact was, that the pedlar was a tall, stout, brawny man ; or the armourer, who dreamed of his angel during the night, intended to have hinted, before the departure of his guest, that, until the pedigree was ready, her late Majesty's memorial might as well remain in his hands. There appeared, however, no opening in the conversation ; and, several times, like the amen of Macbeth, the words stuck in the speaker's throat. Peggy could not keep the transaction secret. Twelve months had elapsed, and neither pedlar nor pedigree had made their appearance. The servants would frequently ask Rees if he had heard from that fine brave man, his relation : and were always demurely answered and addressed by their sur-

names. "Mr. Jones," or "Mr. Williams, hur thanks you: but, hur has not hard from the worthy tradsman latly. His tealings was fery crate, look you; and hur expects that he was in the eastern parts of Enclant to vent the coots he was puy at Leipsic fair, you see."

At the expiration of three weeks, the Major returned with his daughter, a pleasing girl about fourteen years of age. Her person was rather short, and her manners far more retiring than might have been expected from a London lady. It could not be said that she was strictly beautiful; but there was, in her countenance, a winning artlessness of expression, that indicated good humour, and the desire of making herself agreeable to her new friends, of whom her father's description had induced her to think highly. Elizabeth was in that mental situation which most ladies, who have

passed their youthful days in the country, have experienced. She longed for a companion—for an intimate friend—and she thought Emma an angel. Emma looked upon her with admiration almost amounting to awe. Her commanding figure, and expressive strong features; the glow of health upon her cheek; and long, black, glossy ringlets, flowing in luxuriant curls over her neck and shoulders, reminded the spectatress of paintings which she had seen. The tout ensemble was far different from any of the ladies whom she had seen in town. It was true that Elizabeth's dress was not of the newest fashion: but, simplicity is always interesting; and the second time she saw her, habited for riding, with her tresses bound up round her temples and snowy forehead, she appeared like one of the nymphs of Diana to the wondering girl, who stood

gazing at her for some moments in silent admiration. Where is the female who enjoys not the conscious triumph of personal charms? Elizabeth smiled, and pressed her new friend to her bosom. The parents caught a glance of each other's eyes, glistening with emotion; and their hands were, unconsciously, extended and grasped, as if they had long been separated, though they had passed the whole morning walking together over the Major's small estate. The family compact was, at that moment, definitively settled.

Elizabeth now no longer sought to lure her father from his lonely walks in the park; for there was a gate at the extremity not more than a quarter of a mile from the farm, which assumed the title of Llandewy House, being considerably enlarged, and ornamented with plantations and shrubberies, in the

arrangement of which, the whole quartetto were equally and busily engaged for many months. The house faced the south-east point of the compass, and stood at the entrance of a plain, about a mile in width, formed by a semi-circular sweep of the mountain's side. The small river before-mentioned, after passing through the village of Llandewy, wound its course through the valley, and, divided by a small island just above the paddock, its waters there re-united ; and opposite the house, at the distance of about two hundred yards, sparkled over a broad gravelly channel, which was fordable during the summer months. The island was visible from Penleon ; but a gentle swelling projection of the hill-side was just sufficient to screen the house from view. At the back, however, the new pleasure-grounds wound over the eminence to command a western

prospect; and the young friends soon contrived to establish a sort of telegraphic communication.

The Colonel's happiness could only be increased by the presence of his son Maurice, who yet continued on the continent. His old friend, Major Steele, fell gallantly under the walls of Ingoldstadt; and his young protégé, having been noticed by the great Gustavus Adolphus, followed the short victorious career of that hero till his death at the battle of Lutzen, where he defeated the Imperialists under Walstein. Like a meteor he had burst from the north, conquering and to conquer. His daring spirit seemed to appal every enemy, and his death was reckoned by them as a victory. The Emperor of Austria, respecting his memory, forbade all public rejoicing, and went into mourning; but the King of Spain gra-

tified his puny malice, by causing his death to be dramatized and acted upon the stage, attending the representation with all his court, thus unintentionally paying the highest tribute to his fame. It may be said that two victories were gained by the Swedes at Lutzen; for, after the army of Walstein was defeated and began to fly, a strong reinforcement of cavalry arrived, under the command of the brave Count Pappenheim, and were, in their turn, a sacrifice to the manes of Gustavus. Pappenheim was killed in the engagement; and is said to have carried the scars of more than one hundred wounds, received at different times, upon his face and person, into the field on that memorable day. The body of Gustavus was found covered with wounds; and Duke Bernard of Saxe Weimar, his Lieutenant General and able successor,

taking advantage of the stern spirit of revenge which pervaded the Swedish troops, caused the revered remains of their illustrious sovereign to be carried at the head of the army, as the ark preceded the march of the children of Israel. Thus, instead of remaining dormant in the warrior's bed of glory, the ashes of Gustavus went forth from victory to victory,* driving the Imperialists from Saxony, and forcing a route through Germany and Pomerania, to cross the Baltic, and be interred in Sweden among her former kings.

Maurice remained with the army till the unfortunate battle lost by the Swedes and German protestants at Nordlingen. From thence he visited the Netherlands, then the seat of a war

* Ten years afterward, his celebrated general, Banier, was present after death at the victory of Wolfenbuttel in the duchy of Brunswick.

between Spain and the United Provinces, which were assisted by the policy of Cardinal Richelieu, who had long been the grand agitator or main-spring of all important continental movements. To see that great man in the plenitude of his authority and pomp, our young soldier, agreeable to the fashion of the times, visited the court of France, and from thence terminated his wanderings of five years' duration. The Colonel had frequently felt impatient for his return: but, calculating on the improvement, knowledge, and experience, that his boy must be acquiring, never allowed himself to express such a desire in his letters, which spoke only of delight felt in knowing that he was in such a school. Indeed, during his wife's life-time, he had frequently felt a glimmering hope, that a favourable turn in her disorder might enable him likewise once more to

behold a camp : but her death, and Elizabeth's lonely condition, subsequently destroyed all such anticipations.

The time at length arrived when Maurice was upon his journey homeward, attended by the trusty Morgan. Great were the preparations at Penleon for their reception : we say *their* reception ; because Morgan was as great a favourite in the servants' hall, as his master could be in his own circle. On the day previous to their expected arrival, Colonel Powell and Major Bagot, attended by their servants, rode to meet the young cavalier at Caermarthen ; while Elizabeth remained to enact the part of the lady of the castle, assisted by her friend Emma. Perhaps there is not a village in the kingdom, even at this period of our history, in which a considerable sensation would not be produced by the return of the eldest and only son of its

principal family, after a lapse of five years spent in some of the severest fighting and hardest service that had ever been known; for the Swede continued his career of victory in winter as well as summer.

When the morning dawned, there was a bustle in the village of Llandewy which had not been known for many years. The household duties of the females were quickly discharged, and each was decked in her holiday apparel. All the male inhabitants who were not compelled by necessity to attend to their daily callings, were idling about the street, guessing at the time when the cavalcade would arrive; and those who were obliged to go out to their labours, gave strict charge to their families that they might be called home in time to welcome the young squire. It was a fine clear serene day in the latter end

of summer ; and, when noon had passed, all were in breathless expectation. The ringers walked from the church to the public-house, and returned occasionally to their place of action, ascended the tower, and returned again, without being able to communicate any intelligence. Little circles of gossips filled the street ; and hour passed after hour, until their feelings were heightened to enthusiasm.

At the castle all was, as might be expected, on the alert : and Rees Price, mounted upon his tower, had the honour, in consequence of the commanding height on which he stood, of giving the first signal of the cavalcade's approach, by blowing his horn. Elizabeth and Emma, seated in the parlour, were roused by the sound. The former rose hastily from her chair : she had heard that noise only once before ; and mechanically turned her eyes from Rees to

the spot where her mother formerly sat. The chords of memory were struck; and Emma saw with alarm the unusual change in her countenance: but it was momentary. "How foolish it is," she exclaimed; "you shall know another time why that signal affects me so much. Shall we go to meet them, Emma?" "Perhaps," replied her friend, feeling that for her it would be improper, "we had better not; the villagers will be all out; and a high-road is not the place for an affectionate meeting of brother and sister—Oh, that I had likewise a brother!" "You shall have one," said Elizabeth; "My brother shall be yours—he shall—I am sure he must love you as I do." Emma blushed; and Elizabeth, perceiving her emotion, added, "Nay, my dear sister, take it not so seriously; this is a day of joy and rapture—I scarcely know what I am saying or doing.

Let us go into the arbour, at the end of the bowling-green, and watch their progress—Oh, how my heart beats! Come, Emma ;” and the two friends walked out, and took their station on a spot which commanded the valley, watching the progress of the travellers as they occasionally appeared at different parts of the winding road. The village bells rang merrily, throwing their joyous vibrations along the valley ; and at length the hero of the day and his conductors emerged from behind the rising ground that concealed Llandewy House. The villagers went out in a body to welcome him home ; and rent the air with their acclamations ; while some of the elderly people cried out, “ God bless you, master Maurice,” as they crowded upon the horses. The scenes of our youth, and faces of old acquaintance, excite as pleasing a sensation as any we enjoy in

our progress through life; and, at the same time, perhaps one of the most transient: for, after a short dream of forgetfulness, and a faint endeavour to identify our present with our past feelings, some incident or ~~awakened~~ recollection sternly reminds us that such things *were*; but, that *now* we are changed, and they have passed, and are scattered like the flying clouds of summer. The utmost exertion of all the lungs in Llandewy, joined to the clang of the belfry, however overpowering they might be to some of the quiet inhabitants, were not likely to affect the nerves of one who had so recently come from the fields of contending nations, surrounded by all the din, and pomp, and “circumstance” of war; where each, panting for fame, and eager for works of destruction, seemed to consider “the earthquake-voice of victory” as indeed “the breath of life.”

Conscious pride and gratification, with a determination to bear his honours meekly, were visible in Maurice's countenance, as he bowed from side to side, and exchanged a word or two with some of the crowd who were nearest to him as he rode through the village ; but, passing the church where the loud peal was ringing, he was forcibly struck with the recollection that his mother, the guide of his youth, was reposing beneath all the clamourous sounds of joy above, in the silent and dark recesses of the tomb. A sigh escaped him ; but, seeing his father likewise much affected, with the volatility of youth he shook off sombre recollections for the present, and spoke of the improvements in Llandewy House and grounds. Suddenly their attention was called towards Penleon, from whence the report of a gun was heard ; then a second and third ; and, after a long pause, a fourth ; when they

perceived a figure upon the warder's tower amid the smoke. No more explosions took place until they had arrived within pistol-shot of the gateway, when three more muskets were discharged rapidly, one after the other. It afterwards appeared that Price had selected several of the heaviest match-lock pieces from the armoury, and conveyed them to the top of his tower for the purpose of saluting his young master in a superior style, but was unable to effect his purpose in consequence of the stubbornness of his match, on which he firmly relied in consequence of having made it himself, according to an old invaluable recipe which he obtained at Milan. He waited, match in hand, till he conceived the party were at a sufficient distance from the church bells. The first discharge was admirable. He walked slowly across the tower; and,

on his return, with as much dignity as though he had been chief engineer to a battery of two-and-forty pounders, carried the match to his mouth, when, lo ! not a spark was visible. The enraged gunner ran to the top of the newell staircase, and vociferated loudly for Peggy to bring some fire. She quickly made her appearance with a tinder-box and matches, and as quickly retired, after having struck a light. The second and third muskets were then discharged, the latter before its time, as, in the unlucky match, a spark only was visible, and that expired with the sound which it had produced. Peggy was again summoned, and scolded for having taken away the tinder-box ; and a few other words passed which occupied more time than was necessary to elapse before the fourth gun was discharged. Peggy left the tinder-box ;

and, being convinced that the noise would bring down some of the old stones in the tower, retreated to the kitchen. Again the match was useless. Rees, in a fury, began to hammer steel and flint together: but, ~~whatever~~ whatever the cause might be, not a spark could he elicit from the stubborn materials, though his hands bore crimson marks of their conflict. With a hearty curse he consigned the store to his infernal majesty, as he jerked it, with ~~all his~~ might, over the battlements; and lamented his folly ere it had reached the ground. It was in vain to call Peggy; so he was compelled to descend and borrow a light in the castle, from whence he returned just in time to frighten the horses of his master and Major Bagot, which had not been so fortunate as to receive a military education. He had no sooner discharged

his artillery, than, rapidly descending from his elevation, he was seen, in a second or two, cap in hand, holding back the gates with a gravity which it was impossible for his fellow servants to retain; for, between match, tinder, gunpowder, smoke, and his lacerated knuckles, the solemn warder had contrived to begrime his face in all parts: and great was his astonishment and indignation at the unseemly behaviour of his comrades on so solemn an occasion as the return of their young master.

Elizabeth stood upon the steps of the grand entrance; and with delight saw her brother, after passing the gateway, gaily take the chain which she had given him from his bosom; and, gallantly winding it round his hat, secure the end and locket dangling from the golden loop and button.

The meeting was, as may be supposed, affectionate between the sister and brother; and the whole household at Penleon participated in the hilarity of that long-expected and welcome day.

END OF VOL. I.

